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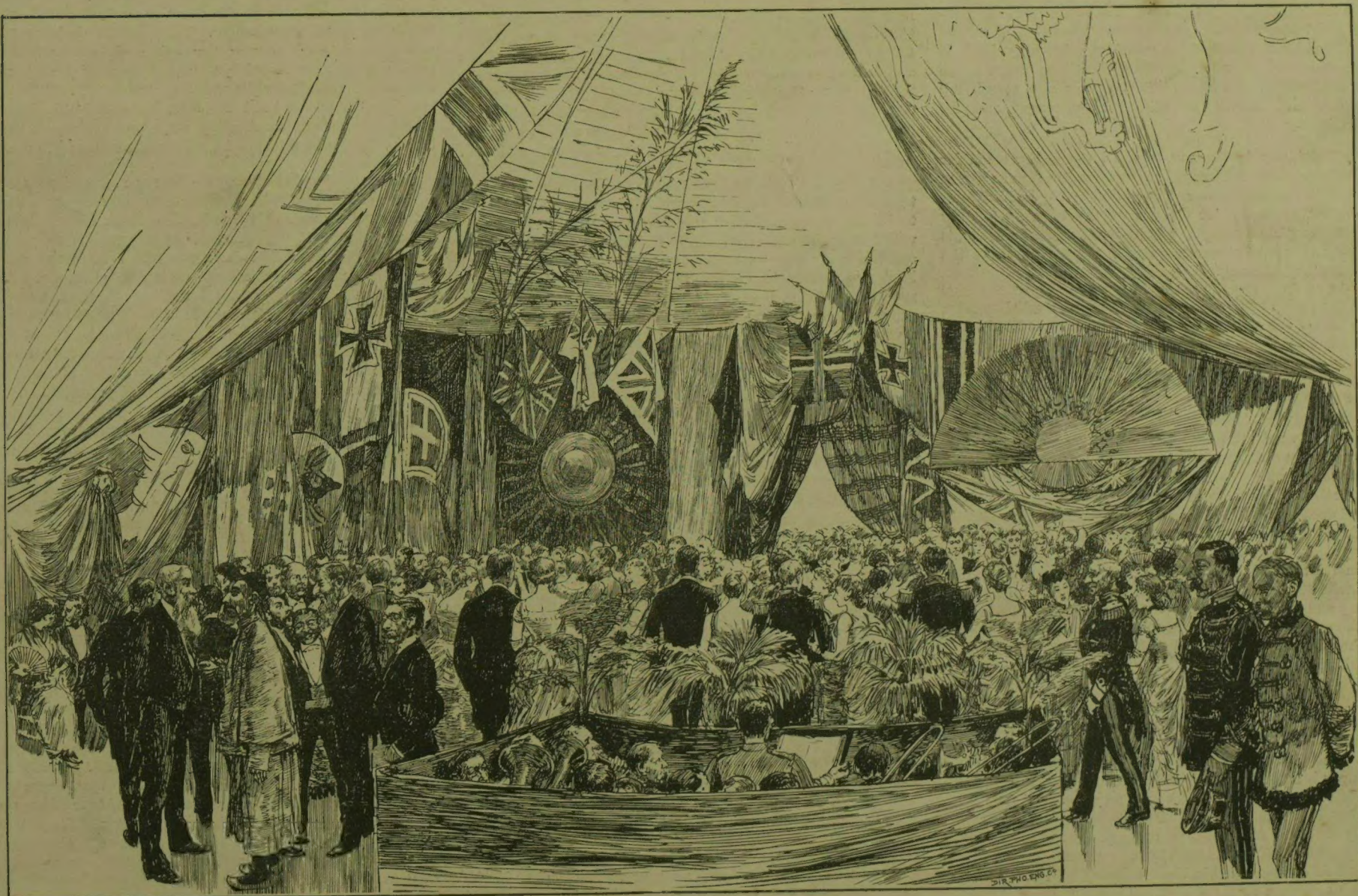
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PRINCE KOMATSU OF JAPAN.



PRINCESS KOMATSU OF JAPAN.



BALL, GIVEN AT YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, TO THE OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH NAVAL SQUADRON.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

I went out to dinner on Christmas Day, after all, and enjoyed myself thoroughly. Oddly enough, I was not the recipient of an invitation to dinner; nor did I follow Mr. Thackeray's advice to would-be guests, and "ask to be asked." I went without being asked at all: my hosts being my next-door-but-one neighbours—the little boys and girls of the Foundling Hospital. They dined at the unfashionable hour of one p.m. on a plentiful ration of plum-pudding, supplemented by a couple of oranges to each child, and a glass of ginger wine. The big foundlings had two glasses of "ginger." I partook of their pudding and drank their cup, and came away delighted with the entertainment, including, as it did, a sight of Hogarth's "March to Finchley," his noble portrait of Captain Colam, and a splendid painting of Trafalgar.

Mem.: I read in the *World* that within the next few years the Foundling Hospital will largely increase in power and importance; as before the close of the century a number of leases fall in, and its rental will rise to nearly one hundred thousand pounds a-year. The estimable "Atlas" adds: "People are already asking how the money will be spent; some, I hope, in allowing a little more sweetness and light to fall upon the lives of the foundlings whom it protects!"

But they have plenty of sweetness and light as it is, my good "Atlas." Rarely have I seen so many chubby, happy-looking faces as I saw last Christmas morning. At holiday times their tables groan with "goodies." And this year, I have no doubt, Mr. Augustus Harris will treat them to the pantomime, and Mr. Buszard regale them with abundant plum-cake. Often in the course of the year do I hear, next door-but-one, the festive notes of the fiddle and the sounding thwacking of the big drum, suggestive of "high jinks" being enjoyed by the Foundling children. If there be not sweetness and light in the notes of a fiddle, where, it may be asked, are sweetness and light to be found?

Why is it that questions of philology seem, as a rule, to stir up the angry passions? I can confidently say that half of the abusive letters which I receive have reference to some twopenny-halfpenny question of orthography or etymology. As with the letter-writers, so is it with the essayists in the periodical press. The *Saturday Review*, for example, has for many years enjoyed the reputation of being mainly written by scholars and gentlemen. Just read the following scholarly and gentlemanlike excerpt from an article on Mr. Kingston Oliphant's "The New English" in the current number of the *Saturday*:—

The man who says "commence" instead of "begin," who uses the stupid and unnecessary barbarism "reliable," who "inaugurates" instead of "commencing," and who gives someone an "ovation" without the slightest idea that he is giving him something less than a triumph, is a donkey and a vulgarian.

A donkey and a vulgarian! The words "commence," "commenced," "commencement," and "commencing," in the sense of "begin," "begun," "beginning," occur thirteen times in Shakespeare. Was the Swan of Avon a donkey and a vulgarian? Pope, again, writes—

If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not learning, too, commence its foe.

Was Alexander of Twickenham a donkey and a vulgarian? It is quite true that the word "commence" does not occur in the Bible or in Milton's poems; but you may also search the Scriptures and Milton in vain for "donkey" and for "vulgarian."

The legitimacy, by-the-way, of the last-named word is far from unimpeachable. Thackeray somewhere speaks of a person who was "a profound bore and vulgarian"; but I am without any higher authority for the use of the term so blithely employed by the *Saturday*. "Vulgarian," as an adjective, is very old and rare; but as a noun it scarcely rises above the level of colloquial slang.

Most people know that writers who are not scholars often sadly misuse the words "inauguration" and "ovation." But the writer in the *Saturday* who is so very prompt in calling other writers donkeys and vulgarians seems to be quite unaware that there is a great deal to be said in defence of the word "reliable" which is not, as many persons imagine it to be, a new-fangled Americanism. I always try to avoid the use of this word "reliable," first, because I do not wish to receive abusive and anonymous post-cards; and next, because I think "trustworthy" or "trusty" to be a better-sounding word than "reliable." But the last-named word (as it has been pointed out by Mr. Fitzedward Hall) was used by Samuel Taylor Coleridge so far back as the year 1800, and it has been since employed by the Rev. James Martineau, Mr. Gladstone, Cardinal Newman, John Stuart Mill, Bishop Wilberforce, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Dean Mansell, and Miss Harriet Martineau. Donkey and vulgarian, quotha! If we studied a little harder, and thought a little more charitably, O Sage of the *Saturday*, we should pause ere we flung Billingsgate at the heads of our fellow-creatures!

"W. D." (Southgate-road, N.) is perplexed because he has read in "Lady Bloomfield's Reminiscences" that among the company at the Château d'Eu on the occasion of her Majesty's visit to King Louis Philippe there was a "Madame Vilain XIV." "Can you kindly say," continues "W. D.," "what the numerals after the name mean?" I have not an "Armorial Belge" by me; but I believe that I am not wrong in saying that the family of Vilain is a most ancient and noble one; and that the spouse of Madame Vilain XIV. was the fourteenth holder of the title of Count of his line. Count Vilain XIV. was, if my remembrance serves me, at one period Prime Minister of Belgium.

Some people are never satisfied. Months ago I mentioned incidentally in the "Echoes" that the best shoes that I had ever worn were made by a bootmaker named Abbey in George-street, Sydney, N.S.W. They were very dear, I

added; but they had a tremendous amount of wear in them. By the last Australian mail the ungrateful Abbey writes to accuse me of inconsistency. "Is it correct," writes this hardened bootmaker, "after allowing the excellence of the shoes, to say that they were very dear? Had you said high-priced we should not have demurred." This is painful. Go to your dictionary, Abbey, for the definition of "dear." It means high-priced, beloved, the opposite of cheap, of high value and estimation, greatly valued, precious, worthy of high consideration, earnest, passionate. Study your dictionary, Abbey, and repent!

Have you heard of the new Japanese salad, the recipe for which is to be given by one of the characters in M. Alexandre Dumas' forthcoming play? Alexandre the Elder was a very cunning cook, and wrote—or, rather, allowed his name to be affixed to—a bulky "Dictionnaire de Cuisine," in the composition of which the editorial scissors and paste are slightly too conspicuous. Alexandre the Younger would seem to be emulous of the culinary renown of his papa. Here is the recipe for the Japanese salad:—

Cook potatoes in bouillon, cut them in slices, and, while they are lukewarm, season with oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt. With this mix the usual herbs, finely chopped, and half a glass of Château Yquem. Next, boil some large mussels with celery, and add them to the potatoes, taking care that the mussels merely hint at their presence among the leguminous products loved by Hibernians. When this has been done, the salad should be daintily and delicately stirred, and covered with truffles cooked in champagne. The whole of the operation should take place two hours before dinner, so as to have the salad thoroughly cold before being placed on the table.

What does Mr. Mitford, of her Majesty's Office of Works; what does Mr. Laurence Oliphant; what does Doctor Christopher Dresser say to the Japanese salad? To my thinking it is an extremely nasty mess.

"C" (a lady correspondent) asks me to consider another suitable and useful manner of celebrating her Majesty's Jubilee. "I would propose," the lady continues, "that instead of erecting effigies on horseback or otherwise up and down the country, new churches should be built or old ones rebuilt. They might be called Jubilee Churches."

Why not, indeed? And why not, likewise, as has been lately suggested by a correspondent of the *Times*, a Jubilee Cheese Cup, to be given as a prize to the maker of the best cheese on the Cheddar principle? I have a faint recollection of a colossal cheese which, very early in the Victorian Era, was manufactured for presentation to her Majesty. Whether this monumental cheese ever found its way to Buckingham Palace I am unable to remember; but I fancy that it was exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, and that it eventually got into difficulties. Into Chancery, for aught I know.

The lady's suggestion will probably meet with the enthusiastic approval of all the architects in the country. But where is the money to come from? The governors of Guy's Hospital want £100,000 to set their finances in order; the trustees of the People's Palace at the East-End would very much like about £20,000 more; an immense sum must be contributed by the pious public if the Church House scheme be carried out; and an equally huge sum will be demanded from the public at large for the erection and endowment of the Imperial Institute. Furthermore, we have got our tailors to pay and our own chronic and contiguous poor to look after; and how the present writer is to procure the necessary funds for the payment, next January, of the Excise duty for the dog Hobson-Jobson, formerly known as Tradelli, but whose real name is Bismarck (a name to which the animal defiantly refuses to answer), he, the present writer, really does not know.

"A Constant Reader" writes from Rochdale, but fortunately without flying into a passion, about what he considers to be the misapplication of the compound word "bi-weekly," which he calls "a disreputable word." It is certainly a hybrid, and an ugly one to boot. It seems that there are two local newspapers, formerly published weekly, but which are now issued twice a week: a fact which is announced in print in these terms—"Published bi-weekly." My correspondent contends that "bi-weekly," following the analogy of "biennial," means fortnightly. Of course it does. See the "Imperial Dictionary" (Ogilvie and Annandale), Blackie and Sons, 1882: "Occurring or appearing every two weeks—as a bi-weekly magazine, sometimes, but erroneously, used in place of semi-weekly for occurring twice in the week."

This is an age of book-making, especially of culinary book-making. What do you think of a little work devoted to the description of the diet of Royal personages throughout the ages, say, from the time when Mithridates fed on poisons? Henry the Second's lampreys; King John's surfeit of pears and new cider; the outlets which Fagon and Madame De Maintenon devised for the valetudinarian Louis Quatorze; Domitian's turbot; William the Third's asparagus and green peas; Oliver Cromwell's roast veal with orange; the *frangipanni* which Catherine De Medicis sent to Queen Elizabeth, and which was the model of the famous Richmond cheese-cakes known as "Maids of Honour"; and especially the roast shoulder of mutton, stuffed with onions, with which Napoleon the Great once nearly killed himself, would all find a place in such a compilation. And a very entertaining one it would prove, I think. Nor should Queen Anne's cherry brandy, George the First's bad oysters, and George the Third's apple dumplings be forgotten.

An amusing contribution to the "Imperial and Royal Bill-of-Fare Book" is made by "Atlas" in the current number of the *World*. It is a description of the suppers formerly enjoyed by the venerable German Emperor. His Majesty is now compelled to be strictly moderate in his diet; but we are told that he once delighted in lobsters in every shape and form, especially hot, with a rich sauce, and washed down by copious draughts of Rhine wine. Another favourite dish was crayfish soup and also the Russian *battinn*—a cold fish soup, in which beer, cider, rancid herrings, and salt cucumbers are ingredients. The Kaiser was also fond of veal stewed with cloves and

cinnamon, and pork stewed with nutmeg and marshmallow; while a frequent sweet was a large sponge-cake well steeped in rum. It is worthy of remark that banana fritters soaked in old Jamaica rum were the favourite sweet prepared by Chandelier, Napoleon's cook at St. Helena.

Mem.: The recipe for *battinn* is not quite accurate. Here it is, as given in "The Cosmopolitan Cookery" of M. Urbain-Dubois, who has been for many years *chef* to the German Emperor:—

Blanch separately four handfuls of spinach and two handfuls of sorrel; drain them and pass them through sieves; mix both these purées and dilute with a quart of Rishli (a kind of half-fermented beer, which foams like champagne) and a pinch of sugar. Then pour the preparation into a silver stew-pan, which keep on the fire; add sixty cooked crayfish tails; thin slices of braised sturgeon; a slice of cooked and cooled salmon, and three salted *ogurzis* (dwarf cucumbers) cut into dice. Range the fish and vegetables separately round the dish, and keep the dish on the ice till serving-time, adding a few pieces of raw ice just before the soup is dished up.

Battinn is very good; but I scarcely think that it would be nice if rancid herrings were among the ingredients.

Mem.: Mr. T. Michell, the accomplished editor of the 1875 edition of Murray's "Handbook for Travellers in Russia," mentions that *battinn* or *batténia* is "a cold soup of a green colour." But he also cites *okroshka*, an iced soup of which the stock is *kvas* (a beverage of half-fermented rye), and among the ingredients in which are herrings (not necessarily rancid) and cucumbers.

But pray, courteous reader, do not run away with the idea that the Emperor William's hot lobster and stewed pork suppers were phenomena in the way of Imperial feeding. More than three hundred years ago there flourished another mighty Kaiser, whose repasts were even more after the manner of Grandgousier than the Imperial suppers of Berlin. The Emperor Charles V., according to Mr. Motley ("The Rise of the Dutch Republic"), was an enormous eater. He breakfasted at five a.m. on a fowl seethed in milk and dressed with sugar and spices; he dined at twelve, partaking always of twenty dishes; he supped twice, at first soon after Vespers; after meat he ate vast quantities of pastry and sweetmeats, irrigating every repast with copious draughts of beer and wine.

Mem.: Charles ate and drank quite as much after his abdication as he did before it. He indulged in surfeits of sardine omelettes, Estremadura sausages, eel pies, pickled partridges, fat capons, quince syrups, iced beer, and flagons of Rhenish.

There is a talk of her Majesty holding a Chapter of the Garter at Windsor Castle early in the year of Jubilee, when the Knights of the Most Noble Order would have an opportunity of arraying themselves in the picturesque and splendid costume commonly known as the full robes of the Garter. By the merest chance, I came the other day upon an engraved portrait of a Knight of the Garter in his full robes in the "Histoire des Ordres Monastiques Religieux et Militaires," a scarce work in eight volumes quarto (Paris, 1721). The text accompanying the portrait is very curious. The Knights, it is stated, were to wear their mantle from the first Vespers of the Feast of St. George until after supper. Their golden chain or collar was to weigh thirty ounces; the chain itself was composed of golden garters enamelled blue, and interspersed with roses alternately enamelled white and red. In the engraved portrait, the Knight, whose hand rests on his sword-hilt, wears a monstrous periwig, surmounted by a broad-brimmed hat of black velvet, with a jewelled band and six tufts of plumes.

On the closing day of the Old Year one generally frames a number of Resolves to be observed throughout the year which is to come. There is only One Resolve which I have ventured to make for 1887, which concerns my readers as well as myself. Long ago I laid down the rule that in this page I would not take the slightest notice of anonymous communications. I freely confess that I have from time to time violated this rule; for the reason either that the anonymous communications contained matters of interest, or that they were amusingly abusive and impertinent. But I shall make (D.V.) no such exceptions in 1887. Everything of an anonymous nature will go straight into the waste-paper basket.

"What is one man's meat is another man's poison." The proverb is old and musty and vulgar; but it is curiously true, nevertheless. I read that, on Christmas Eve, the choristers of the Chapel Royal, at Hampton Court Palace, sang carols in the courts and quadrangles of the historic edifice. The choir "commenced" in the corridor leading to the apartments of the Princess Frederica of Hanover. I further read that "this revival of an ancient custom was much appreciated." Well and good; but in London, on the same festive vigil, the landlord of a public-house, beneath whose windows a party of young men were singing carols, so signally failed to appreciate "this revival of an ancient custom," that he drew a revolver and fired at random into the street below. One of the carol-singers was hit, and has since died.

The first Lord Lytton wrote a play entitled "Not so Bad as We Seem." Might not some playwright or some novelist of the present day give us, for the Jubilee year of course, a drama or a story called "Not so Cruel as We Were"? I make this suggestion because I have been reading that there was a special service for children at Westminster Abbey on Innocents' Day; that Archdeacon Farrar delivered an address, pleading the cause of the starving children in the streets of London; and that ultimately a collection was made in aid of the Destitute Children's Dinner Society. All this is sweetly pleasant to learn; but do you know what was the "special service" appointed for children on this particular anniversary in "the good old times"? All the children, and very often the younger servants, were soundly whipped on Innocents' Morning to put them in mind of the barbarity of Herod of Jewry. Assuredly, we are not so cruel as we were.

THE COURT.

Prince Alexander of Hesse, Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, and Princess Irene of Hesse and suite terminated their visit to the Queen on Wednesday week. The Queen spent Christmas at Windsor Castle on Saturday for the first time for several years, the Court usually proceeding to Osborne for the festive season. On Christmas Eve selections from Handel's "Messiah," with organ and orchestral accompaniment, were sung during the evening service, held at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. The Duchess of Albany was present, and there was a large congregation. Her Majesty and the Royal family, and the members of her Majesty's household, attended Divine service in the private chapel on Christmas morning, the Very Rev. Randall Davidson, D.D., Dean of Windsor, officiating. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. Her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of her Majesty's household attended Divine service in the private chapel on Sunday morning. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated. In the afternoon the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove to Cumberland Lodge, and visited Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. The Very Rev. R. Davidson, D.D., Dean of Windsor, had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family in the evening. At the command of the Queen, Mr. H. L. Simpson, the Mayor of Windsor, proceeded on Monday afternoon to the Castle, and in the corridor submitted to her Majesty Mr. Boehm's sketch models for the statue and pedestal which are to be erected on the Castle-hill in commemoration of her Majesty's Jubilee. The designs received her Majesty's approval. The Duchess of Albany, who has been visiting the Queen, left on Tuesday afternoon for Claremont. Her Majesty proceeded to Osborne on Wednesday.

The Prince of Wales received at Marlborough House on Thursday week Mr. Carruthers, president; Sir John Lubbock, vice-president; Mr. F. Crip, treasurer; Mr. B. Daydon Jackson, secretary; and Dr. Murie, librarian of the Linnean Society, and inscribed his name on the roll as an honorary member of the society. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, who arrived from Aldershot in the morning, left Marlborough House for Sandringham. The usual distribution of Christmas fare to the labourers and cottagers on the Royal estates at Sandringham took place on Friday, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and the youthful Princesses being present. On Christmas morning the Prince and Princess, with Prince Albert Victor and the three Princesses, were present at the service at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, in the park. The Rev. F. E. Hervey, M.A., Rector of Sandringham and Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, officiated and preached. On Sunday morning their Royal Highnesses, with their family and household, attended Divine service at Sandringham Church. The Rev. F. E. Hervey conducted the service and preached. Prince Albert Victor, having terminated his visit for the Christmas holidays, left Sandringham on Monday to resume his duties at Aldershot.

The Duke of Connaught has been at Bombay for the purpose of being sworn in as a member of the Executive Council of the Bombay Presidency. His Royal Highness returned on Friday last week to Poonah, where he spent Christmas.

Princess Christian took part last week in a concert given by the band of the 1st Life Guards at St. Mark's School, Windsor, in aid of the soup kitchens and other charities for the relief of the sick and poor in Holy Trinity parish.

PRINCE KOMATSU OF JAPAN.

The Imperial Highnesses Prince and Princess Komatsu have been staying in London some weeks. Prince Komatsu, who is uncle to the Mikado or Emperor of Japan, is a well-educated man, with many European ideas of civilisation; he has military tastes, and has visited the Guards' barracks, to inspect the method of drill, and made inquiries about our War Office establishments. The Prince and Princess have also seen the Tower of London, and have been at several of the London theatres. On Dec. 7, acting as Envoy for his Imperial Majesty the Mikado, Prince Komatsu invested the Prince of Wales with the most exalted Order of the Japanese Empire—that of the Chrysanthemum. The Prince of Wales received the Emperor of Japan's Envoy at Marlborough House, to which place Prince Komatsu was conveyed in the Prince of Wales's state carriage from the Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park. The order was conferred on the Prince to manifest the sense of the Emperor of Japan's obligations to her Majesty's Government. The order has previously been bestowed upon reigning Sovereigns alone, with the exception of Prince Bismarck, who is the only personage other than a Sovereign wearing it. The Earl of Idlesleigh, as representing the British Government, introduced Prince Komatsu to the Prince of Wales, and Princess Komatsu was presented to the Princess of Wales by the Countess of Idlesleigh. The Order of the Chrysanthemum consists of a star and collar, the former being in the form of a silver-fluted cross, with a large ruby in the centre; and the latter being a "blaze," with ruby, hung round the neck by a ribbon. In receiving the insignia, the Prince of Wales expressed his great satisfaction at the friendship existing between England and Japan, and acknowledged the high honour bestowed upon himself and this country.

The portraits are from photographs by Mr. J. Thomson, of Grosvenor-street.

THE BRITISH SQUADRON AT YOKOHAMA.

Since the arrival of the Flying Squadron at the chief European commercial port of Japan, the usually rather dull town of Yokohama has burst out into a conflagration of festivities seldom witnessed there. Regattas, picnics, balls, theatricals, and dinner parties, have followed one another in quick succession. The ladies of Yokohama gave a ball to the Admiral and Captains and other officers of the Flying Squadron; and these gallant officers of course gave another in return, which was brilliant, attractive, and a great success. The public hall is a theatre; and the auditorium is used as the ball-room; it is the ugliest building in the world, but on these two occasions it was made into fairyland with bunting and evergreens; and the uniforms of the officers were displayed with great effect. In reality, it was the prettiest sight that residents at Yokohama have seen for a long time; but they felt sorry that the Squadron was to leave them soon, and their society would again become dull as before. Our correspondent, Mr. Wigram, encloses a sketch of the decorations and costumes at the ball.

The Queen has accepted the first copy issued of Lady Burton's edition of the "Arabian Nights."

The Mercers' Company have granted fifty guineas to the Christian Evidence Society.

Mr. Francis J. Graham, J.P., of Drumgoon, Maguiresbridge, has been appointed to the Deputy Lieutenancy of the county of Fermanagh, held by the late Earl of Enniskillen.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H. J. (Barnard Castle).—A player, whether first or second matters not, can go on with perpetual check perpetually, hence, when he elects to do so, the game is drawn.

Pilgrim.—We fancy you must have overlooked something in No. 223; but we shall refer to the diagram.

T. L. (Chesham).—There are two chess periodicals, the *Chess Monthly* and the *British Chess Magazine*. Why not take in both?

W. V. W.—A pinned piece, or pawn, still possesses its checking power on the adverse King.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from C. Lassen (Edinburgh) and L. Desanges. We tender our cordial thanks to a large number of correspondents for Christmas cards and seasonable good wishes.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2212 to 2219 received from J. S. Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of 2223 from Amateur (Havana); of 2224 from F. C. Shildale (Ontario); Rev. John Wills (Barnstable, U.S.A.); of 2225 from C. J. Fisher (Boston, U.S.A.); of 2226 from Hereward, M. Vandersteene (Bruges), Chilian (Liverpool), and John C. Bremner; of 2227 from J. Christie, L. Beirant (Bruges), J. A. Schmucke, John C. Bremner, and E. F. Hill.

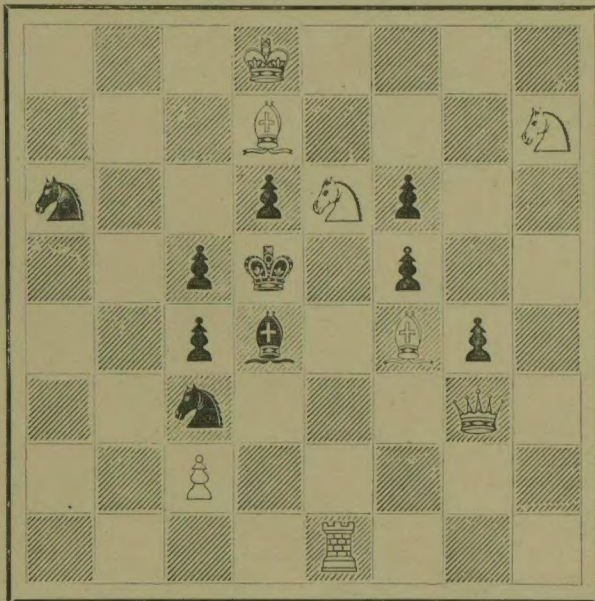
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2228 received from E. Casella (Paris), Hereward, L. Beirant (Bruges), Jupiter Junior, R. Tweddell, Thomas Chown, T. M. Cross (L. Falcon (Antwerp), S. Bullen, C. Barnard, E. H. Martin, E. Louden, J. Hepworth Shaw, E. Featherstone, L. Wynan, Phenomenon, J. K. (South Hampstead), A. C. Hunt, H. B. S. W. R. Baillet, G. W. Law, W. D. Wight, R. L. Southwell, Thomas Letchford, Ben Nevis, North-lac, W. Hillier, Chilian, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, R. F. N. Banks, C. Oswald, Pilgrim, John C. Bremner, W. A. P. E. Elsbury, T. G. (Ward), Nerina, Little Bits, Sergeant James Sage, E. F. Hill, N. S. Harris, Otto Polder, R. W. Worsley, W. Heathcote, J. Goskin, E. E. R. Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), H. Wardell, R. J. (Portadown), Shadforth, Joseph Ainsworth, Edmund J. Hardman, and R. H. Brooks.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2227.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to Kt 7th. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2230.

By J. G. CAMPBELL.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

At the request of numerous correspondents who are desirous of becoming further acquainted with Mr. J. G. Campbell's problems, we reprint one of that gentleman's compositions from the British Chess Association Tournament of 1862.

A complimentary dinner was given to the Rev. G. A. Macdonnell, at Simpson's, on Monday last, by Mr. Baldwin, an amateur well known in London chess circles. Among the guests assembled to "assist" in the compliment were many of our great masters of the game, including Dr. Zukertort, Messrs. Blackburne, H. E. Bird, W. H. Pollock, James Mortimer, and the holder of the amateur champion cup, Mr. W. M. Gattier. Mr. George Newnes, M.P., occupied the vice-chair. Mr. Baldwin proposed the toast of the evening, paying just tribute to Mr. Macdonnell's great skill in the practice of chess, and the social qualities, which, perhaps even more than his skill in chess, have contributed to the popularity he enjoys. Led by Mr. Newnes, nearly every guest present followed suit in congratulations to Mr. Macdonnell, who returned thanks in his usual hearty and cheery way.

After a very creditable struggle, Mr. Lipschitz was defeated by Captain Mackenzie, the final score being 5 to 3 and 5 draws.

The correspondence match between Dublin University and Peterhouse, Cambridge, ended in favour of the latter. There is one unfinished game, but the result of it cannot change defeat to victory, Cambridge being two points ahead in the score.

Mr. Porterfield Rynd, a recent acquisition to London chess circles from Dublin, played six games simultaneously and *sans voir* at the City of London Chess Club on the 22nd ult. His opponents were all fourth class players selected from the strong team that played against Oxford University a few weeks ago. The play resulted in the performer winning two games, losing one, and drawing three. The rate of play was remarkably rapid, averaging twenty-five moves an hour. A vote of thanks to Mr. Rynd was proposed by Mr. Gastineau and received with prolonged cheering.

It was determined at Greenock on Monday to erect a national monument to perpetuate the memory of James Watt in that town, where he was born.

The tenant farmers on the Duke of Bedford's Devonshire estates have received a circular intimating that his Grace will remit one half of the six months' rent, due at Lady Day next.—Colonel Mitford has returned 10 per cent to his agricultural tenants, as an abatement on their last year's rent.—The Dumfriesshire tenantry of Mr. Edward Brook, of Huddersfield and Dumfriesshire, have received receipts for the past half-year's rent. This is the third year in which Mr. Brook has made a like remission.—The Earl of Faversham has returned his Yorkshire tenants 15 per cent of their last half-year's rents.—Mr. Leopold De Rothschild has again returned 30 per cent of the half-year's rents to his Ascot tenants.

The will, and two codicils, of Mr. John Bramley-Moore, of Langley Lodge, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks, J.P., D.L., and Dignitary of the Imperial Order of the Rose, who died at Brighton on the 20th ult., has been proved in the principal registry of the High Court of Justice by the executors, Frederick Youle, Esq., and the Rev. Charles Joyce. The value of the personal estate is sworn at over £169,100. The testator bequeaths very considerable legacies to his children and grandchildren, and numerous legacies to his servants and others; also a legacy of £1000 Consols, free of duty, to the National Life-Boat Institution, the dividends to be expended in the purchase of medals, to be designated the "Bramley-Moore Medals." The testator also directs his trustees to invest £500 in Consols, and apply the income annually at Christmas in coal for the benefit of the poor at Gerrard's Cross, to be called "Mrs. Bramley-Moore's Coal Fund." The testator gives to his son, William Joseph, as heirlooms, certain jewellery, statuary, and pictures, including the Star and Order of Dignitary of the Imperial Order of the Rose. The testator bequeaths the three addresses presented to him in commemoration of the Fancy Fair held at Liverpool during his Mayoralty in 1849, to the William Brown Library. The testator devises his estates at Langley Marsh, Chalfont, St. Peters, Iver, and Fulmer, to his son William Joseph, for life, and after his death, to his son William Esmonde, and his issue in tail. The residue of his real and personal property the testator settles, upon trusts, for the benefit of the testator's son William Joseph, and his issue.

OBITUARY.

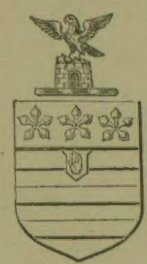
SIR HENRY PAULET, BART.

Sir Henry Charles Paulet, Bart., died on the 11th ult. at Little Testwood, Southampton, aged seventy-three. He was eldest son of the late Vice-Admiral Lord Henry Paulet, K.C.B., second son of the twelfth Marquis of Winchester; entered 2nd Dragoon Guards in 1832, and retired with the rank of Captain in 1843. He was created a Baronet March 18, 1836; and, as he has died unmarried, the title becomes extinct.



SIR EDMUND FILMER, BART.

Sir Edmund Filmer, ninth Baronet of East Sutton, Kent, whose death is announced, was born July 11, 1835, the eldest son of Sir Edmund Filmer, eighth Baronet, M.P. for West Kent, and succeeded his father in 1857. The baronetcy dates from 1674, when Robert Filmer, son of Sir Robert Filmer, the Cavalier, was raised to the dignity. The Baronet whose death we record was educated at Eton, and was formerly Captain in the Grenadier Guards. He entered the House of Commons in 1859, as Conservative member for West Kent, which he continued to represent until 1865; and sat for Mid Kent from 1880 to 1884. He married, Oct. 21, 1858, the Hon. Mary Georgiana, eldest daughter of Arthur Marcus Cecil, Lord Sandys, and leaves one son, now Sir Robert Marcus Filmer, tenth Baronet, born Feb. 25, 1878, and three daughters.



SIR T. D. FORSYTH.

Sir Thomas Douglas Forsyth, K.C.S.I., C.B., died on the 17th ult., aged fifty-nine. He was son of Mr. Thomas Forsyth, of Liverpool, and brother of Mr. William Forsyth, Q.C., M.P.; was educated at Rugby and at Haileybury, and entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1848; he became eventually a Commissioner in the Punjab, and was Envoy and Plenipotentiary on special mission to the Ameer of Kashgar, 1873 to 1874. He was made a C.B. in 1860, and K.C.S.I. in 1874. He married, in 1850, Mary Alice, daughter of Mr. Thomas Hall Plumer, of Canons, Middlesex.

SIR JAMES SALMON.

Sir James Salmon, M.D., R.N., Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets, Honorary Physician to the Queen, died on the 17th ult., aged seventy-five. He was youngest son of Mr. David Salmon, of Irvine, in Ayrshire, and was twice married—first, in 1845, to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. William Paul Williams, of Penryn, Cornwall; and secondly, in 1860, to Louisa, daughter of Lieutenant Nelson Elliott, R.N. He became Inspector-General in 1868, and received the honour of knighthood.

MR. ROUELL, Q.C.

Mr. Robert Prioleau Roupell, M.A., Q.C., of Charlton, Kent, a distinguished Chancery lawyer, formerly leader of the Rolls Court, died at his residence in the Albany, Piccadilly, on the 15th ult., aged eighty-nine. He was second son of George Boone Roupell, of Chart Ham Park, one of the Masters in Chancery, was called to the Bar in 1822, and obtained a silk gown in 1842. He was also, with the exception of Lord Eversley, the Senior Bench of Lincoln's Inn.

VENERABLE JOHN ALLEN.

The Venerable John Allen, M.A., Master of St. John's Hospital, Lichfield, Archdeacon of Salop, and, from 1846 to 1883, Vicar of Pres, in that county, whose death is announced, was born May 25, 1811, the youngest son of the Rev. David Bird Allen, M.A., Rector of Burton, Pembrokeshire, by Mary, his wife, daughter of Mr. P. B. Julian; was educated at Westminster, and graduated a Senior Optime in 1832. In 1834 he took holy orders, and was for some time Chaplain of King's College, London, and examining Chaplain to the Bishops of Chichester and Lichfield. In 1839 he was appointed one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools; in 1846, received the Vicarage of Pres; in 1847 was appointed Archdeacon of Salop; and in 1883, Master of St. John's Hospital. He married, July 31, 1834, Harriet, daughter of Mr. J. W. Higgins, of Hornsea, Bury, Herts, and leaves issue. The Archdeacon was author of "The History of St. Cuthbert."

DR. LYONS.

Robert Spencer Dyer Lyons, M.D., M.P. for the city of Dublin from 1880 to 1885, died on the 19th ult. He was born in 1826, the son of the late Sir William Lyons, Knight, Mayor of Cork in 1849, by Harriet, his wife, daughter of Mr. R. S. Dyer. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1848; and, adopting the medical profession, became a leading physician in Dublin. He was a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, a Member of the General Council of Medical Education, Physician to the Richmond and other hospitals, Professor of Medicine in the Catholic University, and a Senator of the Royal University of Ireland. During the Crimean War he served with the Army as Pathologist-in-Chief. His return to Parliament was in 1880, in the Liberal interest; but in 1885 he was displaced, his politics being not sufficiently advanced for the Nationalists. Dr. Lyons married, in 1856, Marie, daughter of the late Lord Chief Baron Pigot.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Thomas Barwick Lloyd Baker, of Hardwicke Court, in the county of Gloucester, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff, 1847, on the 10th ult., aged seventy-nine.

The Rev. Montague John Gregg Hawtrey, M.A., Prebendary of Wells, Rural Dean, and for forty-six years Rector of Rington, Somerset, on the 12th ult., aged eighty-two.

Captain Arthur Lawrence Dingwall Fordyce, Bombay Staff Corps, Assistant Political Officer at Sadra, third son of the late Lieutenant-General Sir John Fordyce, K.C.B., on Nov. 1.

Mr. William Traill, M.D., of Woodwick, Orkney, J.P. and D.L., on the 10th ult., aged sixty-eight; he was the representative of a branch of the Orkney family of Traill of Blebo.

Mr. Robert Hogarth Patterson, member of the council of the Statistical Society, author of "The New Revolution; or, the Napoleonic Policy in Europe," "Essays on History and Art," &c., on the 13th ult., aged sixty-five.

A stained-glass window has been placed in the west end of the parish church of Mundford, Norfolk, the gift of Miss Jennings, daughter of the Rector, designed and well executed by the firm of T. J. Marshall, Stoke Newington.—A memorial window to the Dowager Lady Williams, of Tregulow, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, has been erected in the Church of St. Day, in Cornwall. It is the gift of her son, Mr. Michael Williams, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. R. M. Williams.—Mr. Ruskin has presented the Church of the Sacred Heart, Coniston, with a handsome stained-glass window. It is triplet in design, and has been placed in the west end of the church. The subject illustrated is the vision of St. John in the isle of Patmos, and some very fine effects are obtained by the artist.—A stained-glass window of three lights has been placed in Halifax parish church in memory of the late Sir Henry Edwards, Bart., by the local Freemasons.



SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME OF "THE FORTY THIEVES" AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.



POLICE RAID ON THE NATIONAL RENT OFFICE AT LOUGHREA: SCENE IN THE OFFICE.



OUTSIDE THE NATIONAL RENT OFFICE AT LOUGHREA, AFTER THE ARREST OF MESSRS. O'BRIEN AND DILLON.

THE IRISH LAND LEAGUE AGITATION.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has written a strong lurid drama for the holiday folk at the Princess's Theatre, and has usefully employed a clever actor and a pretty actress. There is very much to be said for and against "The Noble Vagabond," viewed as an artistic production; but it has many powerful scenes, many of its situations are original, and, to judge by the enthusiasm of the first audience assembled to see it, the play may prove popular. Three innocent people are accused of the murder of a wretched old man who exists on fiery brandy and usury; and, in order to tell a somewhat commonplace and repulsive story, thousands of pounds have been expended on decoration, and much personal energy is freely bestowed. Time and the critics must fight it out whether the last new melodrama is a valuable contribution to dramatic literature or not. Tastes differ; and who shall account for their variety? Many excellent judges consider that the story of the brandy-soddened inebriate is infinitely better than the romance of Wilfrid Denver, the Silver King. Honestly, I don't think it can be compared to that play in any one respect; but that is altogether immaterial. Never, for one moment, could I feel any interest in any one of the characters; and I felt that the whole scheme of the play wanted variety, light and shade, and dramatic contrast. In addition to that, this particular work, by an author who has hitherto been distinguished for his grace of style and refinement of treatment, is, to my mind, strangely violent in its tone and gaudy in its treatment. As a work of art, it is surely as inferior to "The Silver King" as "The Romany Rye" was to "The Lights of London." I shall be told that "The Romany Rye" all over the world, drew more money than "The Lights of London," and was far more popular in America. It may be so; I daresay it was so. But if "A Noble Vagabond," when he goes careering over the world, draws more money than "The Silver King," I shall congratulate the author on his good fortune, but shall not think it necessary to alter my opinion as to the relative value, in an artistic sense, of the two dramas. Mr. H. A. Jones can find no fault with the artists who have assisted him. Mr. Warner toils for success with desperate energy, and, but for him, the play would be stranded. Miss Dorothy Dene has once more proved herself one of the most promising and intelligent of our younger actresses. Mr. George Barrett would do very much more than he does now if only he had the chance of showing what fun there is in him; and Miss Annie Hughes has won unanimous praise. The best acting in the play is shown by Mr. Cartwright. He has never before done anything so good; for from first to last he made no false step, and was as much concentrated within himself and under reserve as Mr. Julian Cross was out of all restraint. Mr. Cross struggled for a large stake, and very nearly secured it. He sang well; but he was out of tune. Mr. Cartwright, on the other hand, entirely grasped the character of a somewhat conventional villain, and played it without a false note. The drama is mounted to perfection; and it is well within the bounds of probability that the pictures of country life, the old village scenes, the fair with its merry variety, the noise, the fight, and the disturbance, will be better appreciated in Oxford-street than the banished poetry and the lost romance of Mr. Jones. But, for all that, it would not be difficult to write a dozen columns to prove that, to the thoughtful mind, "The Noble Vagabond" is not very stimulating diet.

No one should miss the opportunity of seeing Miss Nellie Farren and Mr. Fred Leslie in "Monte Cristo Junior" at the Gaiety. For here they are at their very best. In addition to a gaily-decorated scene, a stage brilliant with colour and such dresses as no extravaganza has yet culled out of the *atelier*, we have the genuine art of two clever people. If anyone cares to know what a good actress Miss Farren is, let them observe her in the last scene of "Monte Cristo" when Dantès is being dragged off to prison. If anyone doubts whether this inimitable artist is as good as she was in 1868, when the Gaiety was first opened, let them watch her in her duets with Mr. Leslie; and if the cleverness of Mr. Leslie could by any possibility be disputed, let the disputants tell us what comic actor has, in this class of entertainment, done anything better than Noddy, the detective, with his innumerable disguises.

This week the order is to be brief, and to come to the point quickly; but next week there may be an opportunity for saying something more about the burlesques, the extravaganzas, the children's plays, such as the delightful "Alice in Wonderland," by Mr. Savile Clarke, and the pantomimes. The magnificent pantomime at Drury-Lane is illustrated and described elsewhere. C. S.

THE IRISH LAND LEAGUE AGITATION.

Our Illustrations show the scenes at Loughrea, in the county of Galway, on the 16th ult., immediately after the Government police had taken possession of the offices of the National Land League, and had arrested the four members of Parliament, Messrs. J. Dillon, W. O'Brien, Matthew Harris, and D. Sheehy. The police seized part of the books and papers kept at these offices to record the sums of money, due for rent to the landlords, which the tenants had deposited, by orders of the League, in the hands of its officials or trustees; and the sum of £81 was also taken from the table by the police, which had just been received. The crowd of peasants outside the house naturally became alarmed and angry, but the armed police force was strong enough to prevent any outbreak of mob violence. The adjourned hearing of the charge made by the Government against Mr. Dillon, M.P., Mr. Harris, M.P., Mr. Sheehy, M.P., and Mr. William O'Brien will take place in Dublin, not at Loughrea. They are summoned "to show cause why informations should not be taken, and why you and each of you should not be sent for trial, for that you, with others, within three months last past intending to injure owners of farms in Ireland, let at rents to tenants, did unlawfully conspire, combine, confederate, and agree to solicit large numbers of such tenants in breach of their contracts of tenancy to refuse to pay and not to pay to the said owners of such farms the rents which they, the said tenants, were and might become lawfully bound to pay, and which the said owners were and might become lawfully entitled to be paid under the said contracts of tenancy, against the peace of our Lady the Queen, her crown, and dignity." Upon Mr. John Dillon, the same day, a copy of the order of the Queen's Bench was also served, calling upon him to give bail in £2000 to be of good behaviour, or in default to go to jail for twelve months.

The Portrait of the late Mr. J. H. Mole, the artist, is from a photograph by Disleri and Co., of Brook-street, Hanover-square.

The ninth entertainment of the season at the Brompton Hospital was given on Tuesday evening, and consisted of a selection of Christmas carols and sacred music, under the direction of Mr. Heseltine Owen. The carols and choruses were admirably rendered by a well-trained choir of ladies and gentlemen, some charming solos being also given by Miss Wike (with violoncello accompaniment by Mr. Freeman), Miss Howell, Mr. F. W. Lawson, and Mr. H. Owen.

MARRIAGE.

On the 21st ult., at the Holy Trinity Church, Tulse-hill, by the Rev. John Robson, L.L.D., of Edgeborough, Surrey, assisted by the Rev. W. C. Moore, M.A., Vicar of the parish, the Rev. William Begbie Moyes, B.D., of Strathblane, Stirlingshire, to Clara, youngest daughter of Mrs. Fletcher-Bennett and the late John Fletcher-Bennett, Esq., of Carlsbrooke Villa, Upper Tulse-hill, London.

MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF

MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional entertainments offered to the cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the Littoral of the Mediterranean during the Winter Season 1886-7, has much pleasure in announcing the Engagement of the following distinguished Artists—

Madame Fides-Devries,	Monsieur Vernet,
" Mazzoli-Orsini,	" Devries,
" Ludi-Bullini,	" Pavoloni,
" Repetto-Trisolini,	" Tito Dorazi,
Frank-Duvernoy,	" Talazac.

Who will appear in the undermentioned Grand Operas at the Theatre of Monte Carlo:—

AIDA	Tuesday, 4th, and Saturday, 8th January.
AMLETO	Tuesday, 11th, and Saturday, 15th "
RIGOLETTO	Tuesday, 18th, and Saturday, 22nd "
FAUSTO	Tuesday, 25th, and Saturday, 29th "
LA TRAVIATA	Tuesday, 1st, and Saturday, 5th February.
IL CLIA	Tuesday, 8th, and Saturday, 12th "
LA FAVORITA	Tuesday, 15th, and Saturday, 19th "
LA SONNAMBULA	Tuesday, 22nd, and Saturday, 26th "
MARTHA	Tuesday, 1st, and Saturday, 5th March.
I PURITANI	Tuesday, 8th, and Saturday, 12th "
DINORAH	Tuesday, 15th, and Saturday, 19th "
ERNANI	Tuesday, 22nd, and Saturday, 26th "

GRAND CLASSICAL CONCERTS
every Thursday, under the direction of Mr. Stock. Daily Concerts Morning and Evening, with distinguished Solo Performers.

PIGEON-SHOOTING AT MONACO.
These bi-weekly Matches commenced Dec. 14, and will be continued every Tuesday and Thursday, terminating Jan. 13, 1887. Special Prizes are added to each of these events.

GRAND INTERNATIONAL MATCHES.

Saturday, Jan. 15.
Grande Poule d'Essai Prize. 2000f. added to a pool of 100f. each.

Tuesday, Jan. 18.
Prix de l'Ouverture. An Object of Art, added to 100f. entrance.

Friday, Jan. 21, and Saturday, Jan. 22.
Grand Prix du Casino, an Object of Art, and 20,000f., with 200f. entrance.

Monday, Jan. 24.
Prix de Monte Carlo. An Object of Art, and 2000f., added to 100f. entrance.

Thursday, Jan. 27.
Prix de Consolation (Handicap). An Object of Art and 1000f.

The Second Series of Matches will commence Feb. 1, and be continued every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, closing on March 8; a Third Series, bi-weekly, commences March 13. Thursday, March 10, and Friday, March 11, the Grand Prix de Cloture, an object of art and 2000f., added to 100f. entrance.

FOX-HUNTING, COURSEING, AND SHOOTING AT "CAP MARTIN" PRESERVES.

Cap Martin is situated about mid-way between Monte Carlo and Menton. Also Roe-Hunting, Pheasant, Partridge, Hare, and Rabbit Shooting. For particulars, apply to Mr. Blondin, Secretary of the Pigeon-Shooting, Monte Carlo.

MONACO.—Monte Carlo is 35 minutes from Nice, 22 hours from Paris, and 20 from London: it is situated south of the Alpes Maritimes, and completely sheltered from the north winds.
The temperature in Winter is the same as that of Nice and Cannes, and similar to that of Paris in the months of May and June; and in Summer the heat is always tempered by the sea breezes. The walks are surrounded by palm-trees, aloes, cactus, camelias, and nearly all the floral kingdom of Africa.

SEA-BATHING AT MONACO.
This is continued during all the Winter Season, on a sandy beach, facing the Grand Hotel des Bains.

The following superior first-class hotels are recommended:—The Grand Hotel de Paris, and the Grand Hotel des Bains, the Grand Hotel Victoria, the Grand Hotel des Anglais, the Grand Hotel, the Grand Hotel de Monte Carlo. There are also other comfortable Hotels—viz., the Hotel de Russie, Hotel de Londres, Hotel Windsor, Hotel du Commerce, Hotel de la Terrasse, Hotel Beau Rivage, Hotel des Princes, &c. Furnished Villas, and Grand Apartments, fitted up with every elegance and luxury; and others, with less pretensions and suitable to all purses, can be procured.

PARIS, LYONS, and MEDITERRANEAN RAILWAY.

PARIS TO THE LITTORAL OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.
TRAINS DE LUXE BETWEEN PARIS AND NICE,
comprising

THE SALOON SLEEPING CARRIAGES P.L.M. (Lits-Salons),
WITH TOILET CABINET AND WATER-CLOSET.

LEAVING PARIS. LEAVING NICE,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Sunday,
day, at 6.57 p.m. day, at 12.18 p.m.

SLEEPING CARS,
with (Wagon-Restaurant)

RESTAURANT CARRIAGES.
LEAVING PARIS. LEAVING VENTIMILLE
every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday,
at 6.47 p.m. day at 11 a.m.

JOURNEY FROM PARIS TO NICE IN 13½ HOURS.

The Trains leaving Paris on Thursdays and Saturdays, p.m., await at Villeneuve St. Georges, the arrival of the Sleeping-Car Trains from Calais at 1.42 p.m., which latter correspond with the London 7.30 morning Train.

The Sleeping-Car trains leaving Ventimille on Mondays and Saturdays convey passengers for Calais and England. On the arrival of this train in Paris (Gare de Lyons) it is attached to the Express Train arriving at Calais on Tuesdays and Sundays at 3.45 p.m., and in London at 7.15 the same evenings.

Price.—The supplement to be paid by passengers desirous of travelling by these Trains de Luxe upon the lines of the P.L.M. is equivalent to that charged for the Trains Rapides (50 per cent increase upon the price of the ordinary first-class fare), augmented by a uniform tax of 15f., which amounts constitute a sensible reduction on the prices hitherto charged. Furthermore, passengers possessing ordinary tickets can resume their journey by the Trains de Luxe, commencing Dec. 6 to Feb. 28, 1887, from Nice to Paris, and from March 1 to May 30, 1887, from Paris to Nice, on payment of the supplementary fare charged for the Trains Rapides.

Tickets can be procured in Paris, for the trains of the Lits-Salons, P.L.M., at the Railway Station, Boulevard Diderot; at the Central Office, No. 4, Rue St. Anne (Avenue de l'Opera); at Cook and Son's Agency, 9, Rue Seville, and Grand Hotel, Boulevard des Capucines; at Messrs. Gaze and Son's Agency, 7, Rue Scribe; and at the Agency Offices of the Wagons-Lits, 3, Place de l'Opera, Paris.

CANNES RACES, JAN. 10 and 20.
NICE RACES, JAN. 13, 16, 23, and 25.

PIGEON-SHOOTING, MONACO.
First-Class Return Tickets from Paris to Nice and Menton, available for Thirty Days. Price £6 10s. (170f.), with the privilege of stopping at any point on the line of the P.L.M.

These Tickets will be issued from Dec. 20 to Jan. 25, 1887, inclusive, at Paris, at the Station of the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean; at the Bureau Central, No. 4, Rue Sainte Anne, Avenue de l'Opera; at the Agency of Mr. Lubin, 36, Boulevard Hausmann; at the Agency Offices of Cook and Son, 9, Rue Scribe; and at the Agency Offices of the Wagons-Lits, 3, Place de l'Opera, Paris.

In London, Prospectuses of Messrs. Cook and Son, Ludgate-circus.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anne Domini," "Zouhis a Crozza," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE,
completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 33, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. One Shilling.

FAUST.—LYCEUM.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.
FAUST at Eight punctually. Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten till Five. Seats booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

MATINEES.—FAUST.—TO-DAY (Saturday). JAN. 1 and SATURDAY, JAN. 8, 1887, at Two o'Clock. Box-office now open.—LYCEUM.

STRAND.—Mr. and Mrs. EDWARD COMPTON.—Every Evening at 8.30, SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. At Eight sharp, BLUE DEVILS. THE COMPTON COMEDY COMPANY. Morning Performances EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Box-office Ten till Five. Business Manager, Mr. Chas. Terry.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
UNPARALLELED SUCCESS OF THE

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS'
TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT. For Detailed Criticisms thereon, see the "Times," "Telegraph," "Daily News," "Morning Post," "Morning Advertiser," "Daily Chronicle," "Globe," and "Echo" of TUESDAY LAST. Performances will be given throughout the Holidays, EVERY AFTERNOON at THREE and EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT.

During the brief recess the Moore and Burgess Hall has been NEWLY and BRILLIANTLY DECORATED.

A NEW STAGE LAID DOWN AND FITTED WITH NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.

Fainted by Fritz Wallis. A New and Brilliant System of Stage Illumination has also been adopted, rendering the Hall one of the brightest and most comfortable of all Places of Amusement.

Tickets can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, two weeks in advance. Front seats, 5s.; Sofa Seats, 3s.; Area, 2s.; and Gallery, 1s. No Fees of any description. Programme free.

EGYPTIAN HALL, England's Home of Mystery (Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. N. Maskelyne). A most attractive CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME will be presented Twice Daily, at Three and Eight.—Faints, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Balcony, 1s.; Children half-price (Balcony excepted).

MR. MASKELYNE has much pleasure in announcing that, at every great expense, he has secured the exclusive services of the famous Hungarian Magician, BUATIER DE KOLTA, who will, for the first time in any country, present his latest and greatest invention, which he has entitled MODERN BLACK MAGIC; a series of beautiful mechanical, optical, and spectral effects, upon an entirely new principle, completely eclipsing the old school of conjuring.

BUATIER DE KOLTA'S MODERN BLACK MAGIC will be presented Daily at 4.30 and 9.30. The Christmas Programme will also include the merriest of Maskelyne and Cooke's Mysteries, forming an Entertainment unprecedented for wonder, interest, and real enjoyment.

"THE FORTY THIEVES" AT DRURY-LANE.

The cleverest magician could not have conjured up a better foil for the brilliant spectacle of the "Forty Thieves" at Drury-Lane Theatre than the dismal and chilling prospect of our roadways choked with half-frozen, grimy snow. It was a pleasant change, indeed, to step from the slushy streets on Boxing Night to the bright and warm interior of Old Drury, crammed from stalls to gallery with an enormous audience, the "gods" of which did not fail to join in the choruses to the popular airs in Mr. Ferdinand Wallerstein's overture. The favourite nursery story of "Ali Baba, and the Forty Thieves" (retold at Drury-Lane by Mr. E. L. Blanchard), may have been embellished before with more fun, fancy, and humour than were to be found at the "National Theatre" on Boxing Night; but it has never been adorned hitherto with such a wealth of pageantry. The keynote of Mr. Augustus Harris's superlatively beautiful pantomime is struck in the very opening scene, a radiant "Peep at Paradise," gay with pretty faces and graceful forms, bedight in charming silks and satins, and closing with an inspiring chorus. The adventures proper of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves take place without and within the "Mystic Cavern," and in the enriched Ali's Palace; and are diversified by the droll tricks of the accomplished donkey (skillfully impersonated by Mr. Charles Lauri, jun.) and a wonderfully realistic monkey, evidently studied from nature by Mr. Paul Martinetti. This friendly pair caused infinite amusement by clambering up the private boxes, and by making the tour of the dress circle. Flitting with winning grace from scene to scene, the Morgiana of Miss Constance Gilchrist, who danced with rare refinement and *chic*, was a delightful performance. As a troupe of diminutive monkeys, and a band of little dancers in white, the juvenile pupils of Madame Katti Lanner once again gained applause by their agile manoeuvres, one dot of a girl securing a special tribute of sympathy all to herself when the obstinacy of a button she could not unfasten caused her to burst into tears, which changed to smiles at the cheering encouragement of the audience. But Mr. Harris reserved his full strength for the dazzling processions, in the marshalling of which he has justly earned a great reputation for expert generalship. Marvellously dazzling as are the costly costumes worn by the battalions of brightly appraised thieves in the Cavern, they are eclipsed by the imposing display in the grand Jubilee processions which take the place of the ordinary transformation. Commencing with an allegory of the conquest of India, this splendid crowning effect comprises a processional and choreographic gathering of the clans which go to make up the British Empire, and ends with a gorgeous ballet in front of a large statue of her Majesty executed by Miss Mary Telbin, and with the singing of Mr. Clement Scott's Jubilee ode to the Queen. The way cleared at last for the harlequinade, a double company of pantomimists, led by the popular favourite, Mr. Harry Payne, and by Mr. Paul Martinetti, provide all the fun of the fair. The aerial flights of Mlle. Anea are included in this prodigiously grand spectacle; and among the dramatis personae who quicken the action are Miss Constance Gilchrist as the enchanting Morgiana; those practised pantomimists, Miss M. A. Victor, Mr. Robert Pateman, Miss Edith Bruce, Mr. Herbert Campbell, Mr. Harry Nicholls, Mr. John D'Auban, and Mr. Victor Stevens respectively, as Mrs. Cassim and Effendi, Ganem, Cogia, Ali Baba, Chief of Police, and Ally Sloper. As regards the resplendently-attired officers of the "Forty Thieves," they could not fail to shine when enacted with infinite zest by artists so popular as Mesdames Dot and Minnie Mario, Edith Blande-Brereton, Emma D'Auban, Minnie Inch, Violet Russell, and Marie Williams. Finally, there is a combination of all the talents (MM. William Beverly, Henry Emden, T. E. Ryan, Grieve and Hart, William Perkins, and William Telbin) to provide the attractive scenery of "The Forty Thieves."

Mr. Gladstone completed his seventy-seventh year on Wednesday.

Mr. Bigwood, Conservative, has been elected for the Brentford Division of Middlesex, in the room of the late Mr. Octavius Coope.

Sir John Pope Hennessy has been suspended, and Colonel Hawley, Commander of the Forces, has been appointed temporary Governor of Mauritius in his place.

Mr. Robert Loder, of Whittlebury, who was member for New Shoreham for many years, has sent £500 to the funds of the London Hospital, and £100 to the Church House Fund.

Old Drury-Lane Christmas Annual is a right pleasant medley of prose and verse, mostly on stage matters, by E. L. Blanchard, Clement Scott, and other authors of note, and is adorned by numerous quaintly comic illustrations by well-known artists—all for sixpence.

The Governor of Queensland has sent to the Secretary for the Colonies an important despatch on the subject of New Guinea, and suggests that a formal acknowledgment by the Colonies of their permanent obligations with respect to the administration of that country affords a sufficient basis for the settlement of the question.

For the Christmas entertainment at the Egyptian Hall, Mr. Maskelyne has engaged the services of M. Bantier De Kolta, the famous Hungarian conjuror, the inventor of the "Vanishing Lady." This illusion is performed with wonderful dexterity, quite eclipsing all previous attempts of the kind; and other feats of a marvellous kind are executed.

To the thousand and one plans already proposed to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee, a correspondent adds another. He suggests that all now alive who witnessed the jubilee of George III. (the writer being one) should append their names to a document addressed to her Majesty setting forth the fact, such list to be placed in the British Museum, or some other public building.

The services on Christmas Day were well attended in the various metropolitan churches, and in the Roman Catholic and other places of worship. In the workhouses, refuges, and like places, festive cheer was provided for the inmates; and the patients in the hospitals, so far as was practicable, shared in the festivities of the season. Miss Edith Woodworth entertained more than 500 stage children, who afterwards received sweetmeats and toys, and were regaled with a droll speech from Mr. Toole; after which, a musical entertainment was given.—On Sunday morning, after a night's hard frost, rain began to fall in the metropolis, and continued till noon, when the wind became south-east, and the temperature fell considerably. At six, rain and sleet fell, which was speedily followed by a heavy fall of snow.—The great storm of Sunday night was very general throughout the country. A number of shipwrecks, attended by loss of life, occurred on the east and south coasts. There were also several railway accidents. On the railways and in the London streets great damage was caused to telegraph and telephone wires, the break-down being the most extensive that has occurred for years.—Boxing Day arrangements, so far as they related to excursions, were considerably modified, on account of the severe weather. The London theatres and other places of amusement were, however, in most instances crowded.

LETTING IN THE NEW YEAR.

Of the thousand and one ways in which the New Year has been, and is still, observed in many parts of the country, one of the most curious and amusing is that popularly known as the "first foot." Few persons, perhaps, are aware of the importance attached to the circumstance as to whether a fair or dark complexioned person be the first to "let in the New Year," the success or otherwise of the coming months depending on this critical event. Thus, while in some places a light-haired friend is invariably selected to introduce the new-born year, in others a person of the very opposite description is chosen. Why there should be this distinction it is difficult to explain, especially in neighbourhoods close to one another. At Preston, for instance, the luck of the year is supposed to be hopelessly blighted if any other than a person of fair complexion herald in the year, whereas at Blackburn, which is only ten miles distant, the prepossession is altogether in favour of a dark person. Occasionally, in the latter place, in order to ensure that there shall be no mistake, various precautions are taken: a black cat being turned out of doors shortly before midnight and not allowed to return until the New Year has commenced. Some, again, go so far as to hire a person to do this, so as to secure the good omen. In the *North of England Advertiser* we are told how, a few years ago, "there was a great deal of stir in Newcastle in connection with New Year's Eve, and the advent of the New Year. There were a great many people in the streets passing from house to house, engaged in the practice of 'first footing,' and exchanging wishes for a happy New Year." Some very amusing incidents are narrated, in which the proper "dark" person having failed to appear, someone else, partaking of the necessary qualifications, has been summarily fetched into the house. Thus a story is told of a poor old bed-ridden woman, who positively refused to allow her neighbour, who usually looked after her, to come in on New Year's Day, but lay breakfastless and fireless till the middle of the day, when fortunately the clergyman came to see her, who, having dark hair, brought, as she considered, good luck.

But this piece of superstition is not confined to the northern counties, and prevails also in Worcestershire and Herefordshire. At some of the farm-houses, should the weekly washing accidentally fall on the first day of the New Year, it was once customary either to postpone this part of the household work, or the waggoner's lad was called early before the women came that he might be let out and summoned in again. In the old climbing-boy days, New Year's Day was a popular time for chimney-sweeping, as this practice guaranteed one of the right sort being the first to let in the New Year. In Cornish villages, one may even occasionally still see bands of boys going from house to house collecting their annual "fees for sanding your steps for good luck"; only boys, of course, of the right complexion being permitted to perform this task. According to one explanation, the antipathy against a light-haired person being the "first foot" originated in the tradition that Judas had red hair—a circumstance which engendered a deep and lasting prejudice against that or any other light colour ever after. Some consider it necessary that the person who lets in the New Year should be a bachelor; and a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* relates an amusing anecdote of how the father of a family residing in one of the Midland Counties, coming home early one New Year's morning, was actually refused admittance to his own house by his strong-minded daughter, because, being red-haired and a widower, he unfortunately failed to fulfil two of the most important conditions; while some poor old maids, who had no mankind belonging to them, were forced to satisfy their superstitious prejudices by admitting the old tom-cat, which, luckily for them, was of the right colour, if nothing else.

Among other forms of this deeply-rooted item of folklore may be mentioned the importance attached to the Christian name of the person who happens to be the "first foot"—there being a quaint notion that the first person one sees on the morning of the New Year will be the name of one's future husband or wife. Hence, apropos of this circumstance, a laughable story is told of a certain maid-servant in a rectory in the west of England, who locked the man-servant, whose name was Obadiah, in his room, fearing that they all might become "Mrs. Obadiahs"; for, as one of the household argued, it would not have mattered had his name been John or Henry, as there are plenty of Johns and Henrys in the world; but who had ever heard of such a name as Mrs. Obadiah? To avert, therefore, such an unpleasant contingency, the poor man was, by general consent, made a prisoner until the necessary "first foot," with a more attractive name, had made his appearance.

Again, in some parts of the country it is regarded as a favourable omen if the person who "lets in the New Year" bring with him either a loaf or a piece of bread, this being considered as an emblem of the plenty and prosperity to be enjoyed by the occupants of the household throughout the forthcoming year. In Lincolnshire we are informed that the subjoined rhyme, noticed by Brand as existing in his day, is still repeated and followed out—

Take out, then take in,
Bad luck will begin;
Take in, then take out,
Good luck comes about—

the popular idea being that it is a bad omen for the ensuing year if anything is removed from the house, till some article has been brought into it. Hence, it is needless to say that, in this locality, this superstition gave an active encouragement to the mutual exchange of New Year's presents.

Turning to a few of the many other odd notions associated with the New Year, may be noticed the strong dislike in many parts of Lancashire to give anyone a light on New Year's Day, such an act being supposed to bring ill-luck to the one who gives it away. Curious to say, the same antipathy exists in Yorkshire with reference to Christmas Day. Not many years ago, a man was summoned at Bradford on a charge of wilful damage by breaking a pane of glass in a cottage window. Having entered for the purpose of lighting his candle, the woman of the house strongly protested against his intrusion on such a day, offering him instead a few matches. He then created a disturbance, and on the woman's husband trying to eject him he broke the window. In Devonshire, the old prejudice against washing clothes on New Year's Day has not yet completely become obsolete; the notion being that a member of the family will be rendered liable thereby to be washed away, out of existence, before the termination of the

year. In bygone years this prejudice was carried to such an extravagant extent that the heads of the household would not permit even any dishes or plates to be washed. We must not omit to notice that many of our agricultural community prognosticate the coming weather from the New Year; and in the "Shepherd's Calendar" we learn that if New Year's Day in the morning open with dusky red clouds, it denotes strife and debates among great ones, and that many robberies will happen during the year. If the New Year fall on a Saturday it is said to denote a mild winter, hot summer, and late harvest.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The suggestion which I offered in this column of the *Illustrated London News* on Nov. 13 for a special celebration by the women of England of the Jubilee of their good and wise Queen's reign has been warmly taken up, and an influential committee has been formed to carry the idea into practical effect. Peeresses of every rank, well-known authoresses, the heads of Girton, Newnham, and Somerville Colleges, and other ladies of every class and shade of opinion, have already joined the committee; and, as the movement is still in its initiation, many distinguished names may yet be expected to be added. The Duke of Westminster and two other gentlemen are nominated as trustees. I think that it will be a mistake, however, if any aid is accepted from gentlemen. The women of England are quite competent to manage such a female tribute. Lady Burdett-Coutts, Lady Rosebery, and Miss Florence Nightingale, for instance (I mention these ladies merely as ready illustrations of the wealth, position, and business ability available in our own sex), would command public confidence as trustees as fully as the distinguished gentlemen named. Good organisation alone is now needed to make the movement a success.

The fund is intended to be placed at her Majesty's own disposal. The claims of a technical institute for girls, which I advocated in originally suggesting this special women's memorial, will, I am assured, receive the consideration of the Queen. The advice of the Crown Princess of Germany will be in favour of the establishment of such an institute. The Lette-Verein, in Berlin, has received practical aid and over-



COLLOSSAL LION AT READING: MEMORIAL OF THE BERKSHIRE REGIMENT IN AFGHANISTAN.

sight from the Crown Princess; while a similar society was started in Darmstadt under the patronage of the late Grand Duchess, being called by her Royal Highness's name, the Alice-Verein. From these there have sprung a number of others; like societies being established in Bremen, Hamburg, Brunswick, Breslau, Potsdam, Cologne, Weisbaden, Dantsic, and many other places. If it should please the Queen to use the tribute of her women subjects to build and endow such an institution in London, the utility of it would be quickly perceptible, and every great town in the kingdom would soon possess training classes that would be of untold value in giving our middle-class girls of future generations instruction both in domestic science and art, and in various industrial occupations. It might be advantageous, indeed, if it were known at once that such a form of commemoration of the Jubilee would receive her Majesty's sanction, inasmuch as the utility of it is so obvious that many ladies would give more freely to it as a definite object than they would consider necessary to do to some merely complimentary form of memorial to the Queen. To the Sovereign, the motive and not the amount of the tribute will be pleasing; but for instituting in the Queen's name a work of permanent value for women, the amounts given by rich and benevolent ladies might well be liberal.

The director of the Lette-Verein in Berlin furnishes the following brief outline of its work:—"The society supports at this moment, at its house in Königgrätzer Strasse, Berlin, a commercial school; a school of cooking; and a drawing and modelling school, where pupils are prepared for the State examinations for drawing-teachers and instructors in mechanic arts. In another building is a printing office, where women are taught to set type. Instruction is also given in hand and machine sewing, cutting-out and dressmaking, washing and ironing, the manufacture of artificial flowers, and many other kinds of art and manual labour. The society also conducts a women's boarding-house, and, in connection with it, a women's restaurant. A shop for the sale of the handiwork of women, known as the Victoria Bazaar, a free intelligence office about woman's work, and a bank where women may contract small loans, on equitable terms, with which to commence or to extend their businesses, are some of the other features. The number who have been benefited by this institution can be counted by the thousands; and it cannot be said of this society that it purposes to overthrow existing institutions, or that it desires to estrange women from their peculiar vocations in the family, State, and society." Now, who can doubt that if the women's tribute to Queen Victoria should take a similar form to this, it would cause her name to have a gracious sound, and her

Jubilee to be held in grateful remembrance, by generations yet to come of the daughters of her realm?

Ball-dresses are being made very simply for the early season. Tulle and point d'esprit net, or plain net hung over with small pompons, are the most fashionable materials; and ribbon is used in profusion for trimming. Full plain backs are general in those airy materials when the bodice is, as is very often the case, of satin or silk, to match the tulle in shade; a broad satin sash is often allowed, but a plain habit tail is quite sufficient. Low bodices are general. The trying fashion of having their tops quite untrimmed is happily a thing of the past. Very few are the figures so perfectly modelled as not to suffer from having laid against them a plain, stiff edge of satin, or tulle drawn over silk, or whatever it might be. The pleated tucker of fine lace or airy lisse inside the bodice line is undoubtedly most becoming; but this has not returned. What is seen on the new bodices is almost invariably a berthe of folded material, the same as that of the skirt, if that be of thinner fabric than the bodice, or else a piece of good lace, slightly draped, to lie close over the bust—it must not hang loose. Sometimes this berthe forms the only shoulder-strap, the bodice resembling a cuirass below. This style is most suitable, however, where a panel or sash on the skirt is of some rich and delicate brocade, and the bodice is of the same, with a berthe of fine lace.

The fronts of the skirts show more variety. Some simple but pretty ones are of a thin material put in rather full at the waist, with ribbon straps of a corresponding colour drawn down from waist to hem at equal distances, a few inches apart. Others are draped in slight folds into the side seams, and perhaps hung with little pompons, of which there are many varieties, in all shades of colour. The simpler girls' frocks are made, the better their young wearers look. But young married ladies, and others of maturer figure, mix richer materials with their light fabrics. Some charming examples of both kinds were seen at the most recent of the series of Cinderellas now being held for the Chelsea Women's Hospital. A pretty fair girl had a white muslin dress, the back full, and covered with a white satin sash, the edges of which were "pinked." The front was laid in a succession of narrow sloping tucks, running from the waist on the left side to the hem on the right side, and so

on lower down, each tuck being bordered with an edging of lace. A cluster and trail of pink magnolia, with buds and leaves, trimmed the right side of the skirt, and similar flowers appeared on the left shoulder, while the fan was of pink ostrich feathers, in lyre shape. A white watered silk was made with a Medici collar, edged with pearls, and a narrow fan-shaped tablier of yellow satin, veiled in white tulle, with pearl pompons; the bottom of the skirt was trimmed with arum lilies in white satin, with yellow satin for their centres. An exquisite panel of white and pink flowered brocade, and bodice of the same, gave style to a white tulle dress; a red tulle with satin sash crossways over the front, and bodice of satin, glittering with bead embroidery; and a pink silk and tulle skirt, trimmed with black cords and worn with a black velvet bodice, were also noticeable. F. F. M.

THE BERKSHIRE LION AT READING.

The monument, at Reading—a colossal lion, the largest lion we believe yet made in metal—to commemorate the officers and men of the 66th (Berkshire) Regiment who fell at Maiwand and in the Afghan Campaign of 1879-80, was publicly unveiled by Lord Wantage, V.C., the Lord Lieutenant of the county, on the 18th ult., in the presence of about 150 officers of the Berkshire forces and relatives of the officers who fell in that campaign. The Lord Lieutenant and officers and other guests were entertained at luncheon by the Mayor, Mr. Arthur Hill, in the Reading Townhall. The memorial has been subscribed for by the regiment and by residents in Berkshire. The lion was designed and modelled by Mr. George Simonds, sculptor, of London (a native of Reading), and cast in iron, in nine pieces, by Messrs. Young, of Pimlico. Its dimensions are over 31 ft. from the nose to the end of the tail, and 13 ft. 4 in. from the forepaw to the top of the mane. The attitude is a grand one, the lion appearing in the act of walking, with the head turned on one side, as towards foes, and uttering an angry and defiant roar. This is understood to be a symbolical representation of the brave stand made by the Berkshire Regiment at the disastrous battle of Maiwand. The pedestal is a lofty oblong mass, faced with terra-cotta plaques, its height adding to the nobility of the appearance of the enormous lion which surmounts it. The inscription on the front face is as follows:—"This monument records the names and commemorates the valour and devotion of eleven officers and 317 non-commissioned officers and men of the 66th (Berkshire) Regiment, who gave their lives for their country at Girisk, Maiwand, and Candahar, and during the Afghan Campaign, 1879-80. 'History does not afford any grander or finer instance of gallantry and devotion to Queen and country than that displayed by the 66th Regiment at the battle of Maiwand on the 17th of July, 1880.' Despatch of General Primrose." On the rear face are the words, "Erected by residents in Berkshire and by the comrades and friends of those whose names are here recorded." On the other faces of the pedestal are inscribed the names of the 328 officers and men.

A most amusing and attractive Christmas entertainment has been given at the Royal Victoria Coffee Hall, Waterloo-road, during the holidays.

The Duke of Westminster has sent £500 to the funds of Chester Infirmary, being the proceeds of the shilling-entrance fees paid at Eaton Hall by strangers for the privilege of inspecting the new hall.

At the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, Messrs. Reed and Bailey have opened a holiday entertainment on a gigantic scale. Blondin, the Niagara hero, gives his startling performances; and there are numerous other novelties.

The Lord Mayor of London invites subscriptions to a fund for restoring the fine old parish church of Herne, near Herne Bay, the tower and north aisle being in a dangerous condition. Bishop Ridley, the martyr of the Protestant Reformation who suffered at Oxford with Latimer and Crammer, was once Vicar of Herne. There also is the tomb of an ancient Lord Mayor of London, Sir Matthew Philip, who lived in the time of King Edward IV. The present Vicar, the Rev. J. R. Buchanan, read at Canterbury, a few weeks ago, to a meeting presided over by the Dean of Canterbury, an account of the parochial antiquities of Herne.



THE HIPPODROME AT "OLYMPIA," THE NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, KENSINGTON: THE CHARIOT-RACE.

"OLYMPIA."

"Fancy it Burgundy!" quoth Boniface of his ale; "only fancy it, and it is worth a guinea a quart!" This was precisely what we critics had to do at the opening of Olympia on last Monday evening. We had representations of Olympian races and Roman games, and realistic spectacles of hunting, coursing, and other manly sports; and to fancy them the real thing did not in truth require any very stupendous stretch of imagination, for they were, without exception, excellently done. All the resources on which the great Paris Hippodrome depends for its success were freely put in requisition to please and gratify a multitude which numbered as many thousands as the vast building could be brought to hold; and to praise them too highly would almost seem an impossible task. The post-driving of Mons. Felix Legay, who sent his team of twenty-four highlanders before him in dashing style, was an excellent performance; and the triple tandem of leaping horses driven by Mons. Laszenski was a very elegant and clever spectacle of the high school of training. The flat race, ridden by ladies, of course caused a flutter among the gentler sex, and was indeed pleasantly exciting if not particularly great. The start, however, was not good, and the fair jockeys all rode on the doubtful principle of "forge ahead as long as your horse has an ounce left in him, and keep nothing at all for the finish." The excitement consequent upon so stupendous an occasion may perhaps have been the cause of some crossing and cannoning, which finally led to a foul, and to some sensational tumbles among the aspirants; but a desire to be first is a species of emulation which is at all times most pardonable, especially among ladies. The spectacle of the Roman games was superbly carried out, especially the chariot-driving by ladies (most effectively done), and the four-abreast team-driving (droski fashion) by gentlemen in Roman garb. This latter, of which we give a double-page illustration, excelled in novelty and splendour anything ever previously witnessed in this country, and aroused the audience to a pitch of frantic enthusiasm, which displayed itself in a general uprising, and waving of hats and handkerchiefs in the air: a demonstration which lasted for several minutes. The wrestling was interesting and attractive as a genuine display of French acrobatic skill, but criticised from an English point of view it presented irresistibly comic features, and was greeted with laughter as well as applause. This, of course, was owing to lack of understanding, for to those who comprehended there was a great deal to interest and instruct; and the comic act with the mimic donkey was amusing, but dragged somewhat also. Brisk "business" is the real foundation of success in all variety entertainments. Jockey and Jenny, the performing elephants (trained and introduced by Mr. Sam Lockhart), are certainly marvellous quadrupeds, and exhibit an amount of intelligence never I think equalled in this country. Jockey grinds an organ while Jenny rings the bells, and, to show his contempt for notation, shuts up his music-book before he begins to play. They enjoy a see-saw, and preserve an equitable balance entirely unaided by their keeper. They dine, study the bill-of-fare, and tip the waiter, with all gravity and attention to detail. They waltz and pironette; and when Jenny is tired, and wishes to sit down and fan herself, Jockey contrives to intercept her seat, and to hold it too; just as some cavaliers of the present day do in general society. Finally, Jockey appears in racing costume and rides a tricycle with excellent steadiness around the big arena.

An interval of twenty minutes, after the elephant perform-

ances, enabled the occupants of stalls and boxes to view the capable *manège* behind the scenes, and interview such of the trainers as they might desire to talk with—a privilege very largely availed of by men, and by a small sprinkling of ladies also. During the time thus gained, the arena was converted as if by a species of magic into a pretty sylvan scene, with outlying cottages and hedgerows, a pleasant smithy, a mill and stream, and many rustic gates, which only wanted a Phyllis or two to lean upon them to make the scene an absolutely real one. This was in preparation for a very bright and well-acted little pantomime, in which the smith and the miller's daughter were united, after a variety of contrary chances, and a festive wedding-party was entertained in honour of the event. One of the most taking hits in this production is the arrival of a waggon-load of very pretty school-children, who separate in groups to amuse themselves, and, by so doing, present a charming variety of harmonious colouring, the shade and texture of the various dresses having evidently been carefully studied with a view to producing picturesque effect. These children bring with them a wonderful doll—one that must be seen to be at all appreciated. It is as large as life, and maintains every attitude in which those who play with it may desire to place it. It is supple and stiff together, is thoroughly well-jointed, and is altogether one of the many successes of the bright little Christmas piece in which it is judiciously introduced. A deer-hunt winds up the entire show, and in it we have many realistic features to aid us in that Burgundian imagination of which I have spoken. The introduction of a splendid young pack of French beagles, lately the property of the Duc d'Aumale, wagging their handsome tails, and giving tongue in most inspiring fashion, is one of these, and a truly welcome and pleasant one, too. In the hunt proper we have every variety of steed and rider: the welter-weight, mounted upon the weedy screw, the feather-weight on the big destrier, the matronly lady on the long-tailed pony, and the slim miss of twenty on the 17-hand stargazer—just as we see them every day in real life. We are treated, too, to every variety of riding. The wise equestrian cutting out a line for herself; the silly one selecting an incompetent pilot, and in consequence coming to grief; the thoughtless sportsman over-riding the hounds, and the cowardly one funkling the fences! It is all capital; and some of the horses know their work quite as well, or better, than the riders upon their backs; but I think I may suggest, in all kindness, that hunting among leafless trees on the one hand, and through gardens of blooming roses on the other, is slightly anomalous and decidedly goes to mar an otherwise most inspiring picture. Taken as a whole, the show is beyond all cavil; and the energy and judgment of the management in thus bringing together a company, whose performances are calculated to educate as well as amuse, is worthy of the highest commendation. The stupendous size of the building, the vast array of artists and animals (numbering nearly 800 in all), the perfectness of their performance, and the ease and grace with which they do their work—as though every member of the human portion were in him or herself a lady or a gentleman—together with the perfectness of the inside arrangements, and the courtesy of the enormous staff of attendants, are all points for special notice—as is likewise the incomparable management of Mons. Houcke.

N. P. O'D.

The Lord Lieutenant left Dublin on Monday morning for county Meath, to join a hunting party at Hatchet.

MUSIC.

The sixth London Symphony Concert of the series took place at St. James's Hall last week when the programme was made partially tributary to the celebration of the centenary of the birth of Carl Maria Von Weber, the anniversary of which was on the 18th of last month. The fuller tribute paid, on the date last named, at the Crystal Palace concert, has already been noticed by us. The pieces by Weber given at last week's symphony concert were the overture to "Turandot," the minuet from "Euryanthe," and portions of a concerto for the bassoon. These were not very representative of his genius, but were interesting as being but little known in this country. The overture is a reconstruction of an early work in which the Chinese style was imitated, this feature being retained in its adaptation as a prelude to Schiller's play, Weber having been still a young man when the overture was so adapted. It is characteristic, to the point of eccentricity. The minuet is a stately and dignified movement, full of courtly grace, and occurring in the opera which stands midway (1823) between "Der Freischütz" (1821) and "Oberon" (1826). The concerto was written (1811) specially for Brandt, an eminent bassoon player of the day. It is well adapted for its purpose—the display of executive skill—but, although containing some passages foreshadowing the composer's genius, it lacks the sustained interest of his later productions. It was extremely well played last week by Mr. Wotton. The remainder of the concert consisted of Beethoven's symphony in C minor, and the quintet from the third act of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg," not particularly well rendered by the vocalists engaged. Mr. Henschel conducted ably, as before.

On Monday afternoon (Boxing Day) Mr. Ambrose Austin gave a national holiday festival concert of a popular character, comprising performances of several eminent artists. This took place in the Royal Albert Hall; where, yesterday (Friday) evening, New Year's Eve was to be celebrated by a Scotch Festival, organised by Mr. W. Carter. With this necessarily ends the music of 1886.

The new year opens musically this (Saturday) afternoon, with the resumption of the twenty-first season of Mr. John Boosey's Ballad Concerts, at St. James's Hall; followed by a performance of "The Messiah," in the evening, by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, in the great Kensington building. The next musical event of the year will be the resumption of the Popular Concerts, at St. James's Hall, with the afternoon performance of Saturday next, the evening concerts being resumed on the following Monday. The seventh of the series of sixteen London Symphony Concerts will take place (also at St. James's Hall) on the afternoon of Jan. 12; the sixteenth season of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society will be continued on Jan. 19 with a performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend"; the Sacred Harmonic Society will perform Mendelssohn's "Elijah" at St. James's Hall on Jan. 21; and on the 25th of the month Burns' celebrations will be held at the Albert Hall and St. James's Hall. During January, we believe, Mr. Carl Rosa will produce Mr. F. Corder's new opera, "Nordisa," at Liverpool. Subsequent coming events of the year must be referred to hereafter.

The Moore and Burgess Minstrels, at St. James's Hall, gave a Christmas entertainment on the afternoon and evening of Boxing Day, the programme having included a variety of songs (some for the first time), comic and sentimental, besides other features of an attractive character.

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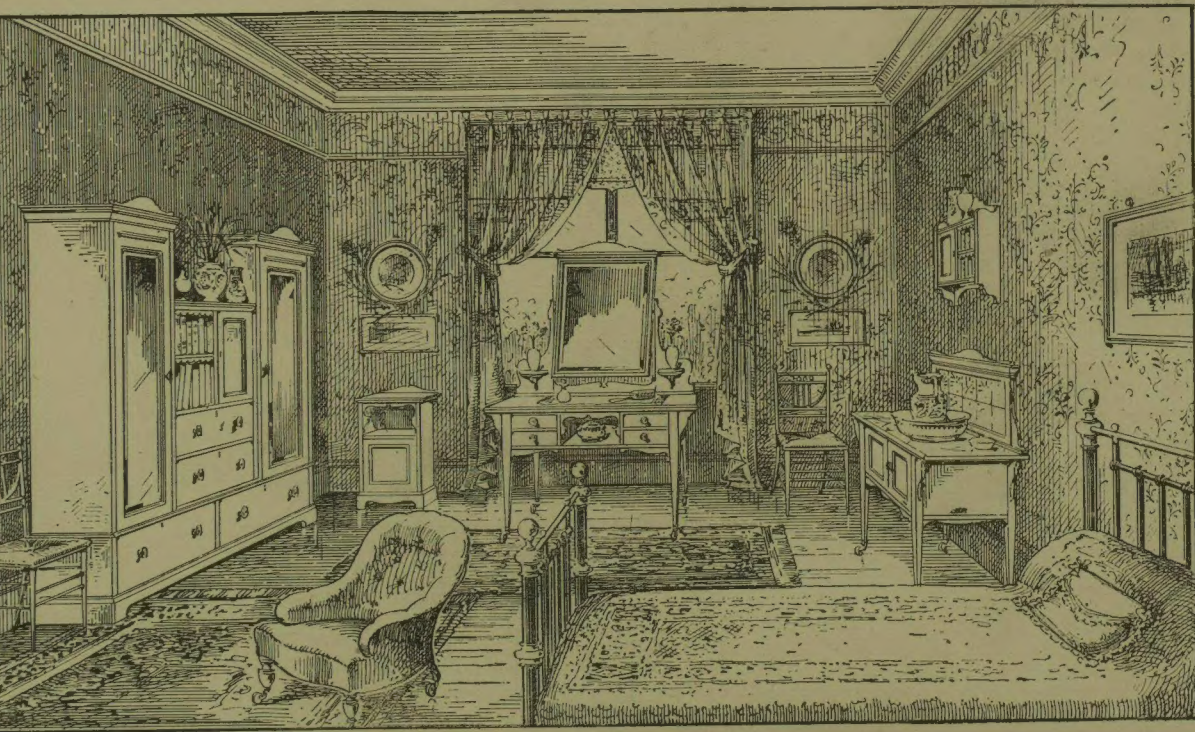
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THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

In our previous notice of this exhibition we limited our remarks almost wholly to the general tendency of the reform or revolution of which this venerable society has been the scene. We referred on that occasion more especially to the works of the school of which Mr. Whistler, Mr. Ludovici, Mr. Aubrey Hunt, and Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, are the most characteristic leaders. To-day we return to the exhibition to mention a few prominent specimens of work by other hands, some of which are reproduced in the present number. Mr. Melton Fisher, turning away from carnival balls and satin-trousered Pierrots, sends a very charming study, "The Convalescent" (311), two girls seated in the shady spot of a sunny garden. The pose of the invalid, the languid interest she shows in her friend's gossip, are not less well rendered than the harmonious setting of this pretty scene. Mr. Glindoni, always strongly represented in Suffolk-street, sends no less than half-a-dozen, all which deservedly passed the ordeal of the judge's inspection. Mr. Glindoni is, perhaps, one of the most genuine humorists, within certain limitations, among modern English artists. Putting aside all question of technical skill, he is deficient in that remarkable sympathy with animals which distinguishes Mr. Stacy Marks, nor has he the light touch of Mr. Burton Barber, Mr. Carington, and others; but in little touches of last-century life, real or imaginary, he holds a well-marked place. Of such works are "The Rendezvous" (109), "Bamboozling" (125), "Beyond his Last" (139), and others. Mr. Lance Calkin, on the other hand, is thoroughly nineteenth century, and is determined to have nothing to do with art-costumes of the present or past times. "Daffodils" (210) is the portrait of a pretty English child, with soft curls and bright eyes, dressed in a blue-spotted frock, and seated on a fallen tree. She has been through the spring woods, rich with cowslips and daffodils, and is resting with her spoils beside her—a charming incarnation of Spring. Mr. Glendenning throws over "The Banks of the Thames" (360) a delicate French tone, which neither mars nor travesties their beauty. It is no easy task to disentangle on canvas the luxurious growth of flowering grasses and rushes with which the banks of our beautiful river are ablaze through the summer and early autumn. Of Mr. Carlton Smith's five works we have selected "The Morning Nap" (208), as that in which he displays a



THE CONVALESCENT.—S. MELTON FISHER.

touch of that homely pathos of which Mr. Thomas Faed was once the recognised exponent. The management of the light, through the deep-set window, falling across the floor, is exceedingly skilful; and if the girl's face is somewhat too delicate for her surroundings, one forgets it in the true mother's tenderness with which she hushes her restless child. "Ye Lytel Mayde" (173), by Mr. F. J. Wyburd, is a little too obviously a composition; and although the artist has, no doubt, caught an actual expression of his model's face, it must have been, at most, a fleeting one. The charms of the "book with iron clasps" could hardly have sufficed to have kept her long from her doll. The picture, however, as a study of still life, is very praiseworthy, and would be always a pleasant object for the eye to fall on. We have already spoken of Mr. Gadsby's "Reading the Motto" (282), so clever and at the same time so remarkable an imitation of Sir J. Millais's style and method, that it cannot fail to provoke the wrath of those who have maintained that the talents of the artist of "Cherry Ripe," "The Mistletoe Bough," and other studies of children are peculiar and untransmissible. We take the present opportunity of referring to some other works which, on the previous occasion, were omitted from want of space rather than from want of merit. Of such the most noteworthy are Miss Bertram Newcombe's "Felix" (1), a white cat on a grey cushion; Mr. F. E. Sherrard's "Bank of a Still Pool" (8), with its long thick grass; Mr. Fred. Hale's "After the Storm" (15); Mr. William Padgett's "Camp Fire" (39), a gipsy encampment, treated rather after Jules Breton; Mr. Fred. Millard's "Sunday Afternoon" (61), a bright cottage scene; Mr. Walter Hepworth's "Ready" (112), a girl in black prepared for a walk; Mr. Claude Hayes' "Bridge" (150), a careful and successful rendering of a homely scene; Mr. L. C. Henley's "A First Impression" (198), an old man introducing his daughter to a young visitor; Mr. Edwin Ellis's "Evening" (271); and Mr. Norman Gautier's "Old Sailor and the Boy" (306), in which the latter is intently watching his grandfather as he models a toy ship out of a block of wood. The principal works in sculpture are Mr. Nelson McLean's bronze statuettes, "Art" and "Science," in both of which we trace the influence of the Renaissance art of the fifteenth century, although the conception and treatment are altogether original.



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DIED IN BURMAH.

THE LATE DR. E. W. KELSALL.

The death, in Burmah, of this meritorious young officer of the Army Medical Service is much regretted. He was born in 1851, the youngest son of the late Colonel Joseph Kelsall, of Blackrock, county Dublin. He was educated for the medical profession, at the Royal College of Surgeons, and the College of Physicians, Dublin, and also spent some time in further medical studies at the University of Edinburgh; he passed the open competition for Netley, and obtained his commission in 1875. In the Afghan War of 1879-80, Dr. Kelsall was sent to the front, and though not present at Maiwand, he was active in bringing in the wounded, on the fatal July 28. In the ill-fated sortie of August 15, he was with the advanced line of skirmishers, and was one of the first to reach the hostile village, being close beside Major Trench when the latter was shot down. On the arrival of Sir

F. Roberts' relieving force from Cabul, Dr. Kelsall was detailed to join that General's army, and was present at the battle in which Ayoub Khan was routed. For his services in this campaign, Dr. Kelsall was mentioned with commendation in the despatches home, and received the medal and clasp. In 1882, he served in Sir Garnet Wolseley's Egyptian Expedition against Arabi Pasha, and was present both at Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir, and received the medal and clasp and the Khedive's star. In 1884 he sailed for India, and was stationed at Kirkee (Bombay) until November, last, when he received orders to join Sir F. Roberts' field force in Burmah, but died on Dec. 6, one of the first victims to cholera in the Yemethen district. In his college days, Ned Kelsall was well known as one of the best football-players in Dublin; and, in addition to his military medals, he also possessed one awarded to him by the Royal Humane Society for rescuing a boy from drowning in a dangerous quarry-hole, at the imminent risk of his own life.

THE LATE MR. J. H. MOLE.

We regret to record the death, on the 13th ult., of Mr. John Henry Mole, Vice-President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. Mr. Mole was seventy-two years of age. We believe he was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He first began to exhibit in London in 1845 at the Royal Academy. In 1847 he was elected a member of the New Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and for many years was a frequent contributor to the exhibitions of that institute, and to those of the Royal Academy, the British Institution, and the Society of British Artists.

Mr. C. H. Walter occupied the chair at the annual dinner in celebration of the foundation of the Commercial Travellers' Schools, which took place last week at the Freemasons' Tavern. Subscriptions were announced amounting to about £2500.



THE LAST OF THE SEASON: A GRAIN STEAMER MAKING FOR BUFFALO, LAKE ERIE.

THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

The public were startled last week by an announcement in the *Times* that Lord Randolph Churchill had resigned the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, which he had held since the formation of the present Government. It is understood that the principal ground of difference with his colleagues had reference to the Army and Navy Estimates, which are in excess of what he could approve. But it is stated that there are other important points on which his Lordship is in disagreement with the majority of the Cabinet. At the Cabinet Council on Tuesday, at which all the Ministers were present, Lord Salisbury put his colleagues in possession of the circumstances attending Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation, and of the overtures to Lord Hartington, which he himself had felt it his duty to make in consequence of the loss of the leader of the House of Commons. Ministers were unanimous in support of Lord Salisbury's action in resisting the reduction of the Naval and Military Estimates even at the cost of losing his Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and in approval of his self-denying offer to Lord Hartington—to take part (a principal part, if desired) in the Administration. As no reply had been received from Lord Hartington, it was impossible to decide the future action of the Ministry. In the evening Lord Salisbury went to Windsor. It is believed that, as a result of the

Council, Parliament will be further prorogued to allow time for Ministerial rearrangement. No definite news of Lord Hartington's movements had been received at the time of our early edition going to press, as telegraphic communication with the Continent was almost completely interrupted.

At a joint meeting of the sailing and general committee of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, held last week, it was resolved "That the jubilee year of the Queen, patroness of the club, shall be celebrated by an ocean yacht-race. Prize, 1000 guineas, and open to all the world."

A report has been presented by the committee appointed by the Prince of Wales to frame a scheme for an Imperial Institute in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee. It recommends that there should be a Colonial and Indian section to illustrate the commercial and industrial resources of the Colonies and India; and a United Kingdom section to exhibit the development and present condition of the natural and manufactured products of the United Kingdom, and afford such knowledge as will lead to a still further development. The committee also recommend that a new body, entirely independent of any existing organization, should be created for the government of the Institute, and that the site should be at South Kensington.

CLOSE OF AMERICAN LAKE NAVIGATION.

Navigation on the great American lakes closes on the last day of November; at least, marine insurance closes then, and those ships which after that date remain out do so at their owner's risk, or by paying a specially high premium to the insurance companies. Early in November, the more prudent owners begin getting their vessels into winter quarters; but the high rates of freight usually serve as sufficient temptation to keep the better class of steam-ships in commission up to the last moment. During the month of November, losses by wreck are usually very heavy. Sudden and severe storms, accompanied by blinding snow, sweep over the lakes, rendering it impossible for the officers to see a ship's length ahead. Wave after wave comes over the ship, each leaving a thin coating of ice, until the deck, sides, and rigging are encumbered with tons of frozen spray. Sailing craft thus become unmanageable, and drift at the mercy of the gale, while even the staunchest of steam-ships find great difficulty in reaching port. It often happens that twelve to fifteen vessels founder or go ashore in a single night, during a full gale. The loss of life, although still heavy, has been greatly reduced by the establishment of life-saving stations at nearly all dangerous points along the lakes. Our illustration shows the last of the grain fleet on Lake Erie making for Buffalo.

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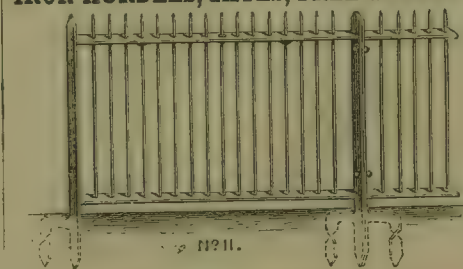
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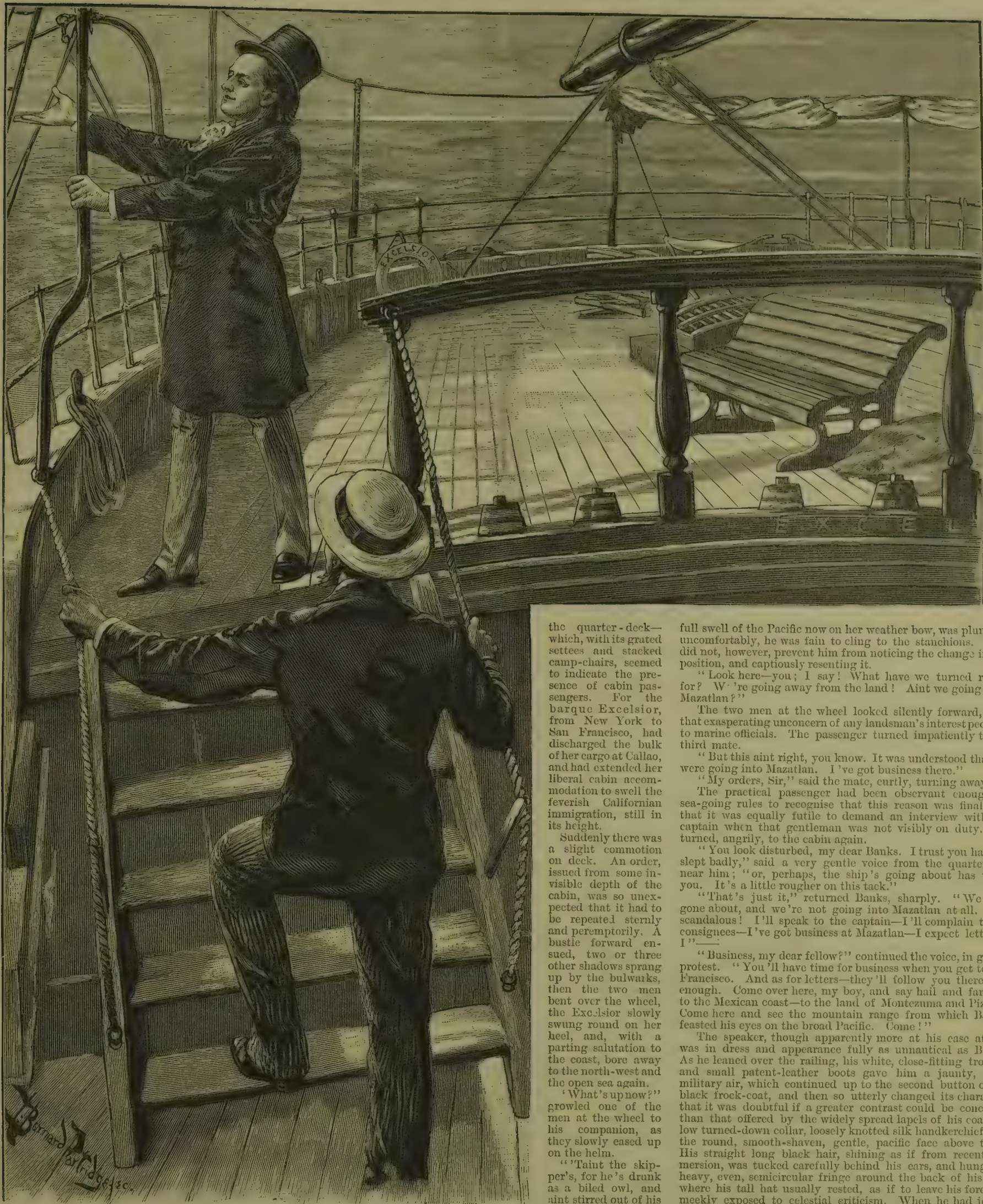
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DRAWN BY J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

Steadying himself by one of the quarter stanchions, he waved his right hand oratorically towards the sinking coast.

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THE CRUSADE OF THE EXCELSIOR.

BY BRET HARTE,

AUTHOR OF "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP," "GABRIEL CONROY," "FLIP," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

It was the 4th of August, 1852, off Cape Corrientes. Morning was breaking over a heavy sea, and the closely-reefed topsails of a barque that ran before it bearing down upon the faint outline of the Mexican coast. Already the white peak of Colima showed, ghost-like, in the east; already the long sweep of the Pacific was gathering strength and volume as it swept uninterruptedly into the opening Gulf of California.

As the cold light increased, it could be seen that the vessel showed evidence of a long voyage and stress of weather. She had lost one of her spars, and her starboard davits rolled emptily. Nevertheless, her rigging was taut and ship-shape, and her decks scrupulously clean. Indeed, in that uncertain light, the only moving figure besides the two motionless shadows at the wheel was engaged in scrubbing

the quarter-deck—which, with its grated settees and stacked camp-chairs, seemed to indicate the presence of cabin passengers. For the barque *Excelsior*, from New York to San Francisco, had discharged the bulk of her cargo at Callao, and had extended her liberal cabin accommodation to swell the feverish Californian immigration, still in its height.

Suddenly there was a slight commotion on deck. An order, issued from some invisible depth of the cabin, was so unexpected that it had to be repeated sternly and peremptorily. A bustle forward ensued, two or three other shadows sprang up by the bulwarks, then the two men bent over the wheel, the *Excelsior* slowly swung round on her heel, and, with a parting salutation to the coast, bore away to the north-west and the open sea again.

"What's up now?" growled one of the men at the wheel to his companion, as they slowly eased up on the helm.

"Taint the skipper's, for he's drunk as a biled owl, and aint stirred out of his bunk since eight bells," said the other. "It's the first mate's orders; but, I reckon, it's the parson's side."

"Then we aint goin' on to Mazatlan?"

"Not this trip, I reckon," said the third mate, joining them.

"Why?"

The third mate turned and pointed to leeward. The line of coast had already sunk enough to permit the faint silhouette of a trail of smoke to define the horizon line of sky.

"Steamer goin' in, eh?"

"Yes. D'ye see—it might be too hot, in there!"

"Then the jig's up?"

"No. Suthin's to be done, north of St. Lucas. Hush!"

He made a gesture of silence, although the conversation, since he had joined them, had been carried on in a continuous whisper. A figure, evidently a passenger, had appeared on deck. One or two of the foreign-looking crew who had drawn near the group, with a certain undue and irregular familiarity, now slunk away again.

The passenger was a shrewd, exact, rectangular looking man, who had evidently never entirely succumbed to the freedom of the sea either in his appearance or habits. He had not even his sea legs yet, and as the barque, with the

full swell of the Pacific now on her weather bow, was plunging uncomfortably, he was fain to cling to the stanchions. This did not, however, prevent him from noticing the change in her position, and captiously resenting it.

"Look here—you; I say! What have we turned round for? We're going away from the land! Aint we going on to Mazatlan?"

The two men at the wheel looked silently forward, with that exasperating unconcern of any landsman's interest peculiar to marine officials. The passenger turned impatiently to the third mate.

"But this aint right, you know. It was understood that we were going into Mazatlan. I've got business there."

"My orders, Sir," said the mate, curtly, turning away. The practical passenger had been observant enough of sea-going rules to recognise that this reason was final, and that it was equally futile to demand an interview with the captain when that gentleman was not visibly on duty. He turned, angrily, to the cabin again.

"You look disturbed, my dear Banks. I trust you haven't slept badly," said a very gentle voice from the quarter-rail near him; "or, perhaps, the ship's going about has upset you. It's a little rougher on this tack."

"That's just it," returned Banks, sharply. "We have gone about, and we're not going into Mazatlan at all. It's scandalous! I'll speak to the captain—I'll complain to the consignees—I've got business at Mazatlan—I expect letters—I—"

"Business, my dear fellow?" continued the voice, in gentle protest. "You'll have time for business when you get to San Francisco. And as for letters—they'll follow you there soon enough. Come over here, my boy, and say hail and farewell to the Mexican coast—to the land of Montezuma and Pizarro. Come here and see the mountain range from which Balboa feasted his eyes on the broad Pacific. Come!"

The speaker, though apparently more at his ease at sea, was in dress and appearance fully as unnautical as Banks. As he leaned over the railing, his white, close-fitting trousers and small patent-leather boots gave him a jaunty, half-military air, which continued up to the second button of his black frock-coat, and then so utterly changed its character, that it was doubtful if a greater contrast could be conceived than that offered by the widely spread lapels of his coat, his low turned-down collar, loosely knotted silk handkerchief, and the round, smooth-shaven, gentle, pacific face above them. His straight long black hair, shining as if from recent immersion, was tucked carefully behind his ears, and hung in a heavy, even, semicircular fringe around the back of his neck where his tall hat usually rested, as if to leave his forehead meekly exposed to celestial criticism. When he had joined the ship at Callao, his fellow-passengers, rashly trusting to the momentary suggestion of his legs on the gang plank, had pronounced him military; meeting him later at dinner, they had regarded the mild Methodist contour of his breast and shoulders above the table, and entertained the wild idea of asking him to evoke a blessing. To complete the confusion of his appearance, he was called "Señor" Perkins, for no other reason, apparently, than his occasional, but masterful, use of the Spanish vernacular.

Steadying himself by one of the quarter stanchions, he waved his right hand oratorically towards the sinking coast. "Look at it, Sir. One of the finest countries that ever came from the hand of the Creator; a land overflowing with milk and honey; containing, Sir, in that one mountain range the product of the three zones—and yet the home of the oppressed and down-trodden; the land of faction, superstition, tyranny, and political revolution."

"That's all very well," said Banks, irritably, "but Mazatlan is a well-known commercial port, and has English and American correspondents. There's a branch of that Boston firm—Potter, Potts, and Potter—there. The new line of steamers is going to stop there regularly."

Señor Perkins' soft black eyes fell for an instant, as if accidentally, on the third mate, but the next moment he laughed, and, throwing back his head, inhaled, with evident relish, a long breath of the sharp, salt air. "Ah!" he said,

enthusiastically, "that's better than all the business you can pick up along a malarious coast. Open your mouth and try to take in the free breath of the glorious North Pacific. Ah! isn't it glorious?"

"Where's the captain?" said Banks, with despairing irritation. "I want to see him."

"The captain," said Señor Perkins, with a bland, forgiving smile and a slight lowering of his voice, "is, I fear, suffering from an accident of hospitality, and keeps his state-room. The captain is a good fellow," continued Perkins, with gentle thoughtfulness; "a good sailor and careful navigator, and exceedingly attentive to his passengers. I shall certainly propose getting up some testimonial for him."

"But if he's shut up in his state-room, who's giving the orders?" began Banks, angrily. Señor Perkins put up a small, well-kept hand deprecatingly. "Really, my dear boy, I suppose the captain cannot be omnipresent. Some discretion must be left to the other officers. They probably know his ideas and what is to be done better than we do. You business men trouble yourselves too much about these things. You should take them more philosophically. For my part I always confide myself trustingly to these people. I enter a ship or railroad car with perfect faith. I say to myself, 'this captain, or this conductor, is a responsible man, selected with a view to my safety and comfort; he understands how to procure that safety and that comfort better than I do. He worries himself; he spends hours and nights of vigil to look after me and carry me to my destination. Why should I worry myself, who can only assist him by passive obedience?' Why?—But here he was interrupted by a headlong plunge of the Excelsior, a feminine shriek that was half a laugh, the rapid patter of small feet and sweep of flying skirts down the slanting deck, and the sudden and violent contact of a pretty figure.

The next moment he had forgotten his philosophy, and his companion his business. Both flew to the assistance of the fair intruder, who, albeit the least injured of the trio, clung breathlessly to the bulwarks.

"Miss Keene!" ejaculated both gentlemen.

"Oh, dear! I beg your pardon," said the young lady, reddening, with a naive mingling of hilarity and embarrassment. "But it seemed so stuffy in the cabin, and it seemed so easy to get out on deck and pull myself up by the railings; and just as I got up here, I all of a sudden seemed to be sliding down the roof of a house."

"And now that you're here, your courage should be rewarded," said the Señor, gallantly assisting her to a settee, which he lashed securely. "You are perfectly safe now," he added, holding the end of the rope in his hand to allow a slight sliding movement of the seat as the vessel rolled. "And here is a glorious spectacle for you. Look! the sun is just rising."

The young girl glanced over the vast expanse before her with sparkling eyes and a suddenly awakened fancy that checked her embarrassed smile, and fixed her pretty, parted lips with wonder. The level rays of the rising sun striking the white crests of the lifted waves had suffused the whole ocean with a pinkish opal colour; the darker parts of each wave seemed broken into facets instead of curves, and glittered sharply. The sea seemed to have lost its fluidity, and become vitreous; so much so, that it was difficult to believe that the waves which splintered across the Excelsior's bow did not fall upon her deck with the ring of shattered glass.

"Sinbad's Valley of Diamonds!" said the young girl, in an awed whisper.

"It's a cross sea in the Gulf of California, so the mate says," said Banks practically, "but I don't see why we..."

"The Gulf of California?" repeated the young girl, while a slight shade of disappointment passed over her bright face; "are we then so near—?"

"Not the California you mean, my dear young lady," broke in Señor Perkins, "but the old peninsula of California which is still a part of Mexico. It terminates in Cape St. Lucas, a hundred miles from here, but it's still a far cry to San Francisco, which is in Upper California. But I fancy you don't seem as anxious as our friend, Mr. Banks, to get to your journey's end," he added, with paternal blandness.

The look of relief which had passed over Miss Keene's truthful face gave way to one of slight embarrassment. "It hasn't seemed long," she said hastily; and then added, as if to turn the conversation, "What is this peninsula? I remember it on our map at school."

"It's not of much account," interrupted Banks, positively. "There ain't a place on it you ever heard of. It's a kind of wilderness."

"I differ from you," said Señor Perkins, gravely. "There are, I have been told, some old Mexican settlements along the coast, and there is no reason why the country shouldn't be fruitful. But you may have a chance to judge for yourself," he continued, teasingly. "Since we are not going into Mazatlan, we may drop in at some of those places for water. It's all on our way, and we shall save the three days we would have lost, had we touched Mazatlan. That," he added, answering an impatient interrogation in Banks' eye, "at least, is the captain's idea, I reckon." He laughed, and went on still gaily. "But what's the use of anticipating? Why should we spoil any little surprise that our gallant captain may have in store for us? I've been trying to convert this business man to my easy philosophy, Miss Keene, but he is incorrigible; he is actually lamenting his lost chance of hearing the latest news at Mazatlan, and getting the latest market quotations, instead of offering a thanksgiving for another uninterrupted day of freedom in this glorious air."

With a half humorous extravagance he unloosed his already loose necktie, turned his Byron collar still lower and squared his shoulders ostentatiously to the sea breeze. Accustomed as his two companions were to his habitually extravagant speech, it did not at that moment seem inconsistent with the intoxicating morning air and the exhilaration of sky and wave. A breath of awakening and resurrection moved over the face of the waters; recreation and new-born life sparkled everywhere, the past night seemed for ever buried in the vast and exulting sea. The reefs had been shaken out, and every sail set to catch the steadier breeze of the day; and as the quickening sun shone upon the dazzling canvas that seemed to envelope them, they felt as if wrapped in the purity of a baptismal robe.

Nevertheless, Miss Keene's eyes occasionally wandered from the charming prospect towards the companion-ladder. Presently she became ominously and ostentatiously interested in the view again, and at the same moment a young man's head and shoulders appeared above the companion-way. With a bound he was on the slanting deck, moving with the agility and adaptability of youth, and approached the group. He was quite surprised to find Miss Keene there so early, and Miss Keene was equally surprised at his appearance, notwithstanding the phenomenon had occurred with singular regularity for the last three weeks. The two spectators of this gentle comedy received it as they had often received it before, with a mixture of vague astonishment, and patronising unconsciousness, and, after a decent interval, moved away together, leaving the young people alone.

The hesitancy and awkwardness which usually followed the

first moments of their charming isolation, were this morning more than usually prolonged.

"It seems we are not going into Mazatlan, after all," said Miss Keene at last, without lifting her conscious eyes from the sea.

"No," returned the young fellow, quickly. "I heard all about it down below, and we had quite an indignation meeting over it. I believe Mrs. Marham wanted to head a deputation to wait upon the captain in his berth. It seems that the first officer, or whosoever is running the ship, has concluded we've lost too much time already, and we're going to strike a bee-line for Cape St. Lucas, and give Mazatlan the go-by. We'll save four days by it. I suppose it don't make any difference to you, Miss Keene, does it?"

"I? Oh, no!" said the young girl, hastily.

"I'm rather sorry," he said, hesitatingly.

"Indeed. Are you tired of the ship?" she asked, saucily.

"No," he replied, bluntly; "but it would have given us four more days together—four more days before we separated."

He stopped, with a heightened colour. There was a moment of silence, and the voices of Señor Perkins and Mr. Banks in political discussion on the other side of the deck came faintly. Miss Keene laughed. "We are a long way from San Francisco yet, and you may think differently."

"Never!" he said, impulsively.

He had drawn closer to her, as if to emphasise his speech. She cast a quick glance across the deck towards the two disputants, and drew herself gently away. "Do you know," she said, suddenly, with a charming smile which robbed the act of its sting. "I sometimes wonder if I am really going to San Francisco. I don't know how it is; but, somehow, I never can see myself there."

"I wish you did, for I'm going there," he replied, boldly. Without appearing to notice the significance of his speech, she continued, gravely, "I have been so strongly impressed with this feeling at times that it makes me quite superstitious. When we had that terrible storm after we left Callao, I thought it meant that—that we were all going down, and we should never be heard of again."

"As long as we all went together," he said, "I don't know that it would be the worst thing that could happen. I remember that storm, Miss Keene. And I remember"—he stopped, timidly.

"What?" she replied, raising her smiling eyes for the first time to his earnest face.

"I remember sitting up all night near your state-room, with a cork jacket and lots of things I'd fixed up for you, and thinking I'd die before I trusted you alone in the boat to those rascally Lascars of the crew."

"But how would you have prevented it?" asked Miss Keene, with a compassionate and half-maternal amusement.

"I don't know exactly," he said, colouring; "but I'd have lashed you to some spar, or made a raft, and got you ashore on some island."

"And poor Mrs. Markham and Mrs. Brimmer—you'd have left them to the boats and the Lascars, I suppose?" smiled Miss Keene.

"Oh, somebody would have looked after Mrs. Markham; and Mrs. Brimmer wouldn't have gone with anybody that wasn't well connected. But what's the use of talking?" he added, ruefully. "Nothing has happened, and nothing is going to happen. You will see yourself in San Francisco, even if you don't see me there. You're going to a rich brother, Miss Keene, who has friends of his own, and who won't care to know a poor fellow whom you tolerated on the passage, but who don't move in Mrs. Brimmer's set, and whom Mr. Banks wouldn't indorse commercially."

"Ah, you don't know my brother, Mr. Brace."

"Nor do you, very well, Miss Keene. You were saying, only last night, you hardly remembered him."

The young girl sighed.

"I was very young when he went West," she said, explanatorily; "but I dare say I shall recall him. What I meant is that he will be very glad to know that I have been so happy here, and he will like all those who have made me so."

"Then you have been happy?"

"Yes; very." She had withdrawn her eyes, and was looking vaguely towards the companion-way. "Everybody has been so kind to me."

"And you are grateful to all?"

"Yes."

"Equally?"

The ship gave a sudden forward plunge. Miss Keene involuntarily clutched the air with her little hand, that had been resting on the settee between them, and the young man caught it in his own.

"Equally?" he repeated, with an assumed playfulness that half veiled his anxiety. "Equally—from the beaming Señor Perkins, who smiles on all, to the gloomy Mr. Hurlstone, who smiles on no one?"

She quickly withdrew her hand, and rose. "I smell the breakfast," she said, laughingly. "Don't be horrified, Mr. Brace, but I'm very hungry." She laid the hand she had withdrawn lightly on his arm. "Now help me down to the cabin."

(To be continued.)

NEW DIARIES.

The widely-known series of publications, Letts's Diaries, now the property of Messrs. Cassell and Company, more than sustain their long-established reputation for accuracy and excellence of materials and workmanship. They are of various kinds and forms, and the exigencies of every business and profession, besides domestic requirements, have been consulted.

Nowise inferior in use or variety are the diaries issued by Messrs. Charles Letts and Co., of 3, Royal Exchange. They are strongly bound, and contain a large amount of every-day information in a condensed form. There are diaries for household and other accounts, a ladies' annual, and tablet diaries—meeting the wants, seemingly, of all.

Utility is the main feature of the professional and general diaries published by Messrs. Hudson and Kearns, of Southwark-street. Their specialties are the Architects' and Builders' Diaries, strong, well-bound books, which have an established reputation; and worthy of note are their blotting-pads, in various forms and sizes, charged with information useful to business men.

The Company of Salters have given ten guineas to the Homes for Working Girls in London.

The editor of *Little Folks* has sent to children's hospitals throughout the country many hundreds of painting-books, dolls, scrap-albums, needlework, &c., prepared by the readers of *Little Folks* magazine in Great Britain and abroad.

"Bosworth's Clerical Guide" for 1887 has been issued by Messrs. Hamilton, Adams, and Co. The alphabetical lists of the clergy and their benefices have been corrected from the latest official returns. Information is given, too, respecting the Episcopal Churches in Scotland, Ireland, the Colonies, and the United States of America.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

The Burlington Fine Arts Club have provided for this winter a collection of the works of James McArdell, which illustrate very completely the short but brilliant career of that gifted engraver. Born in Dublin in 1728, he came over when still a young man to London; and before he was nineteen years old he had attained the degree of skill exhibited in his portrait of Bishop (afterwards Archbishop) Secker (5). Two years later, we see in the exquisitely soft and highly finished "Sons of the Duke of Buckingham" (11), one of the gems of the collection, the high degree of perfection to which he had raised mezzotint engraving. From this time onward he must have had a busy life—although a short one—for although he was barely thirty-seven years old when he died, he had engraved thirty-seven of Reynolds' most celebrated portraits, twenty-five of Hudson's—Reynolds' master—besides dozens of works after Gainsborough, Cotes, Liotard, and others of his contemporaries, and many after Vandyck, Rubens, Lely, and Rembrandt amongst his forerunners. Of the works exhibited, 225 in number, forming an almost complete collection of McArdell's work, among the most interesting either for beauty, skill, or association may be mentioned the "Duchess of Hamilton" (35), "the beautiful Miss Gunning," after Cotes; "Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam" (42), after Reynolds; the group of Garrick portraits (58-63), in some of the actor's well-known parts; "Mrs. Astley" (68), a lady artist of considerable talent, from a portrait by herself; the "Lords John and Bernard Stuart" (76), after Vandyck, of which the original was exhibited a short time back at Burlington House; the "Countess of Berkeley" (107), after Reynolds; the "Earl of Waldegrave" (144), a weak face, and the Countess (143), a very lovely one, both after Reynolds; and "Queen Charlotte" (160) and her husband, "George III." (161), the former as plain, unintellectual face as could be imagined; and the latter both weak and obstinate. Among the subjects, the lady with embroidered sleeve (195), described by Horace Walpole "as Mrs. Gumbleton, a Finland lady"; and the Dutch interior, after Rembrandt, in three different treatments, are very striking. Whilst the whole collection, as affording a glimpse of the public characters of the day, from the King to Elizabeth Canning, the perjurer, is of the greatest interest to students of all conditions.

At the Goupil Gallery (116, New Bond-street) Mr. Ayerst Ingram, who in a few years has gained a foremost place among sea painters, has on view a collection of his notes of travel, "Two Years Afloat," which deals with the sea and its beauties in all parts of the world. Starting with the "Crabbers off Hastings" (1), lying perfectly still in the silver haze of morning, we pass through all varieties of cloud and water effects until we find ourselves at the Antipodes, and in the long wash of the indigo seas leading to "Bass's Straits" (17). His most successful effects are generally those seized in still weather, as, for instance, in the "Early Morning at Falmouth" (27), in his "Studies of Cloud" (15), under a warm sunlight, and in the dead calm and mid-day glare which envelops the "White Wings" (47) of a group of racing yachts, with their sails full set, a picture which Mr. Whistler might have designated as a "Sonata in White"; and a still more striking work is "Evening Shadows" (18), a mass of pink porphyry cliff rising abruptly from the sea, and up which the shadows of evening are slowly climbing. Mr. Ayerst Ingram's faculty of displaying water in movement comes out most strongly in such works as "Moonrise" (22), a dirty sea breaking in white foam upon the darkened shore; in "An Evening in Channel" (36), with a cold, clear, easterly wind blowing; and in the still more rolling seas "Off the Cape of Good Hope" (32). In a somewhat different variety of work, "A Sandy Shore" (37), the effect seems somewhat spoilt by the heaviness and solidity of the clouds; but in such works as "Outward Bound" (40), with its view of smoky Gravesend; "Hastings" (23), looking seaward towards the setting sun, we have a fresh glimpse of Mr. Ingram's versatility and fellowship with Nature in her happiest moods.

The Palladiense Gallery (62, New Bond-street) serves chiefly to keep the public informed of M. Campotosto's art-progress; and it must be added that this progress is well defined and continuous. Each year his work displays greater refinement of thought, and greater technical power. His most noteworthy works are "The Thorn," "Forsaken," and "Innocence and Perfidy," of which the two first especially are likely to become popular in their engraved state. In addition to M. Campotosto's works the gallery contains an interesting collection of sporting pictures by H. Alken; oil paintings by Verboeckhoven, W. Linnell, Channer, Sir E. Landseer, Lara, &c.; water colours by Copley Fielding, Varley, David Cox, Flameng, De Vriendt, and others; a few miniatures by Jumon; and busts, &c., by Messrs. Adams, Acton, and Fraikin. If these do not suffice to suit the varied tastes of picture-seekers, they will find at this gallery, in some specimens of "Diamond Laces," a method of introducing these precious stones into lace collars, which ought to satisfy ladies most eager to be distinguished amongst their drawing-room or ball-room rivals.

The Queen approves the appointment of Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala to be Constable of the Tower of London, in the room of the late Field-Marshal Sir R. J. Dacres.

A new life-boat, named the Bedford, the gift of the late Miss Bedford, of Pershore, Worcester, was launched at South Shields last week.

Mr. Forrest Fulton, M.P., of the South-Eastern Circuit, receives the appointment of Junior Counsel to the Treasury, vacated by Mr. Montagu Williams on his appointment as police magistrate at Woolwich.

This seems a seasonable moment in which to call attention to a compact little volume, *The Menu Cookery-Book*, by Mrs. Watkin Davies (published by Bentley and Son). It contains the simplest and plainest directions for the different dishes mentioned, and practical general hints as well. Moreover, the method is economical, and the grand result ought to be the appearance of a very perfect little dinner. Menus are added for the convenience of the unskilled cook in this department, or the idle housekeeper, each item mentioned having the number of the receipt attached to it. It is, perhaps, invidious to select any dishes where all are good, but for the lovers of sweets let it be suggested that the chocolate macaroons, chestnut cream, and gâteau de curacao are enticing; to savoury eaters that forced turkey eggs, Normandy shrimps, and tomato savoury are piquante; and to those who like plainer things, that five o'clock tea-scones and queen's cakes are admirable receipts. This little book is published at a moderate price, and enhanced in value by a copious index; it is therefore within the power of most housekeepers and cooks, by the exercise of a little care and attention, to place before men—and specially before that portion of mankind the *bon-vivants*—his or her heart's desires in the way of food, and the verdict from such, on success, will be somewhat after the following:—

Women will love her that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men that she is
The rarest of all women.

A CENTURY AGO. JANUARY, 1787.

What a century of wonders from January, 1787, to January 1887! One scarcely knows where, or how, to begin chronicling them. No matter where we turn, the marvels of that hundred years are simply astounding. Take the population, for instance—which in 1787 was somewhat hard to get at with certainty, as the first regularly conducted Census did not take place till 1801. We may assume, at all events, that the population of Great Britain and Ireland was smaller in 1787 than in 1801, when it stood at 15,717,287. Our last Census taken was in 1881, when the numbers were 53,067,495. This does not include the born British subjects who have left their parent shore, to go to India, America, Canada, Australia, and in fact all over the world, nor does it embrace English troops in service abroad, travellers, or sailors at sea. In 1787 our Colonies were unknown. The vast continent of Australia, the enormous extent of Canada were not inhabited, as now, by Britons; and India was only just being nibbled at. The wonderful force of Steam was principally known through the medium of Papin's Digestor, and no one dreamed of the mighty giant which it has since become—now, in all probability, having reached its apogee, and commencing to yield to its later known and subtler rival, Electricity, about which the good folk then knew that it was identical with lightning, for had not Benjamin Franklin demonstrated that fact? But they did not know how to apply the new toy, and make it subservient to man's uses. Galvanism was not known till 1790, and the voltaic pile was introduced in 1800. Literature, Art, and Science have made wonderful strides; in fact, in the latter it is hard to keep pace with the discoveries in any branch. A voyage round the world is but a holiday trip; and every nook and corner of the globe is being explored and ransacked by the ubiquitous Briton.

Our great-grandfathers stayed at home; the means of locomotion inland were very rude, almost all journeys being made on horseback; and the roads were something awful. There was nothing to tempt anyone to take a sea voyage, for the ships were small and very high out of the water, which made them roll fearfully, and of such a build for speed that a voyage to India took best part of a year to perform. A few young men of the upper classes went the "grand tour," as it was called, upon the Continent, visiting France, Spain, Italy, and Austria; but seldom going out of certain well-defined limits. Our great-grandfathers never were in a hurry—they had no trains to catch; telegraphs and telephones were unknown; there was little speculation, and of the fever of the Stock Exchange they were almost entirely ignorant. Those engaged in trade lived, as a rule, over their place of business; and began work early in the morning, finishing much later than our merchants do. Then long letters were written, for a man had a long day before him, and not too much to do. Merchants did not make the colossal fortunes of modern times, but they plodded on, and amassed a competence after a life's work, which was not too hard; were contented with their lots, and were certainly as happy as we are.

Dress in January, 1787, was decidedly more picturesque than in this present month, as we see by the accompanying Illustrations. In the lady's hat we recognise the fact that Gainsborough was still alive; and both gentleman and lady are depicted as adopting the foolish fashion, then in vogue, of wearing two watches. We have seen, during the present and the past two years, some remarkably *bouffée* costumes; but the caricature shown in the next column exceeds even the curious fashion now in use. The hat and dress are, of course, exaggerated; but otherwise the dresses are as then worn. The gentleman is fashionably dressed, having his wig clubbed, a mode which was yielding to the head-dress of the Macaroni; and he carries with him the redoubtable cudgel, which was then "quite the thing," both in England and France.

January, 1787, opened with very cold weather. The frosts on the Continent had been intense: the Danube, near Vienna, having been frozen over as early as the beginning of October. Ice was floating about in the German Ocean. In North Holland, and even on the coasts of Normandy and Brittany, snow was some eight feet thick. In Sweden and Norway the severity of the weather nearly caused a famine; and, in Denmark, many perished owing to the rigour of the winter. In Scotland and Ireland, and in many parts of England, storms and gusts of wind were more violent and destructive than had been experienced for many years previously, and there were more wrecks than usual on the coast, involving great loss of life.

Whilst on this subject, it may be mentioned that the earthquakes of last year had their counterpart—in *petto*, in 1787—for we read that on Jan. 6 a shock of earthquake was felt in the parishes of Campsie and Strathblane, near Glasgow. A brook, on which was a mill, suddenly became dry; in several places doors, that had been locked, were burst open; and, at Netherton,

the houses shook so violently that the inhabitants sought safety in fields; but no damage was sustained. The shock was felt at Kilpatrick, Killcam, and Tintray.

Politically speaking, things were much as they are now. Russia was pursuing her policy of aggression—vide *Morning Chronicle*, Jan. 1:—"At the present period, when the maritime powers of Europe found the prosperity of their States on the basis of commerce, each of them strives to incline the balance in their own favour. Russia (too high to the northward to send her fleets to India by the Cape of Good Hope, and so enter into a competition with the nations more favourably situated) is opening herself a route formerly known to the Romans and the Genoese. She makes her ships descend by the Volga to the Caspian Sea, and her merchants endeavour to draw towards them the merchandise of Persia and the northern provinces of the Mogul Empire. The beautiful silks of the Guilan have already become the objects of their speculation, and the Empress Catherine II. will doubtless, on the first revolution, become mistress of those rich countries."

With France, under Louis XVI., we were good friends; and on Jan. 15 a Convention was signed between England and France relating to the Treaty of Commerce between the two nations, which was entered into at Versailles, Sept. 26, 1786. And, on Jan. 23, the *Droit d'Aubaine* was abolished in France, as far as it affected the subjects of Great Britain and Ireland. This was a right, by virtue of which the sovereign succeeded to the property of an unnaturalised foreigner who died in his State.

Ireland, of course, was in its chronic state of disturbance, this time about tithes—(*Morning Chronicle*, Jan. 19)—"Dublin, Jan. 11: The account of the refusal of tithes in the north is an alarming truth; for by yesterday's post we learn that it is not confined to one parish, but extends much farther, several others having followed the example, and every possible exertion is made to render the opposition to the payment of tithes universal throughout that province. The outrageous among the peasants of the south carried not so serious an air of mischief, because the resistance of payment was confined merely to the lower order of the people. But when we find some parishes entering into systematical resolutions in the north to pay no tithes whatever, matters wear a more rigid aspect. It is a lucky circumstance, however, that the sitting of Parliament is so immediately at hand, to adopt proper measures for applying a remedy to this evil."

In 1787 there was a great shaking of dry bones anent the slave trade; and Clarkson, Hoare, Wilberforce, Granville Sharp, and others were doing their utmost to abolish this infamous traffic; and, on Jan. 13, S. Hoare, chairman of the committee for relieving and providing a settlement for the



black poor, had an interview with Mr. Pitt, when he laid before him the proceedings of the committee, with which the Minister expressed his satisfaction. Two ships, having as many indigent blacks on board as could be collected, sailed that day for Sierra Leone, in order to found a new settlement. Needless to say that this act of benevolence was twisted into a political caricature. Nothing is sacred to the Satirist.

Now for a few things social. Take for instance, on Jan. 3: "A hunt in the true cockney style entertained all the boys and girls yesterday in the vicinity of Pancras. At ten o'clock about four brace of wild rabbits were put into a stable in that neighbourhood, and from eleven o'clock till two they were turned out one by one, and hunted by beagles, to the infinite sport and satisfaction of several gentlemen from Newgate-street, Cheapside, &c., who set out early from home to partake of the sports of the chase. A good dinner, and a bottle at the Adam and Eve" (corner of Hampstead and Euston-road, then a celebrated public-house and tea-gardens), "closed the diversions of the day, and Dian's pale moon served to light the hunters home by midnight."

In the *World*, under date Jan. 11, is the following:—"Two brothers, of the name of Stott, who live at Wookey, being equally captivated with the charms of a female of Wells, the daughter of a Mr. Lovell, a mason, paid their addresses to her, when the elder brother, perceiving that she manifested a partiality for the younger, declared that, unless she would accept his hand, he would hang himself. The tender-hearted nymph, to prevent so melancholy a catastrophe, promised to gratify his wishes, and they were accordingly married on Tuesday se'nnight; but the parties soon found themselves so much deceived in each other that, on Saturday last, the husband actually sold his bride (with her own approbation) for half-a-crown to his brother, to whom he, that evening, delivered her, with a halter round her neck, in the presence of a large party, at a public-house, where the purchase-money contributed towards the expenses of a convivial meeting."

Their ideas of cricket varied from ours, for a match for £1000, at which the Duke of York, together with many of the nobility, was present, was played on Christmas Eve, 1786.

The police of that time was scandalous, and the men then living were fully alive to the fact; thus, in the *Morning Chronicle*, Jan. 22, we read, anent St. Paul's churchyard:—"The lamps along the palisades, under which skulk many a plunderer, are thinly scattered, and, from the scandalous light they give, are no better than so many farthing candles, and, when the wind is high, are often blown out; and it is a notorious fact that there is not one watch-box from Ludgate-street to Watling-street, on one side, or from Ludgate-street to Cheapside on the other; so that, excepting once in half an hour, a watchman is never seen, and then he walks only a few yards till he turns up some passage, and is lost." And, yet, at a Court of Aldermen, held Jan. 31, the Sheriffs were instructed to wait on the Secretary of State, and ask him to have the prisoners condemned to transportation removed from Newgate, as that jail was so crowded that the health of the other prisoners was endangered.

SILVER CLARET-JUG PRESENTED TO MR. J. D. STUART SIM.

At the annual banquet of the Constitutional Union, held in June last, the Marquis of Salisbury, in a eulogistic speech, made a formal presentation of a testimonial to Mr. J. D. Stuart Sim, the hon. secretary, in recognition of his conspicuous services to the Union since its formation. The character of the testimonial, left undecided in consequence of the pressure of a general election, has since taken the form of a massive silver salver, of entirely new design, beautifully mounted, chased, and engraved with a suitable inscription and the names of the subscribers, eighty-eight in number, together with a handsome claret-jug and two beakers en suite, silver gilt; the entire service being designed and executed by Mr. J. W. Benson, of Old Bond-street, London. The claret-jug, of which we give an illustration, shows great elegance in its design.

The Marquis of Salisbury, at his half-yearly rent audit at Hatfield, granted a reduction of 20 per cent to the farm tenants on the estate; and the tenants on the estate of Mr. S. Whitbread, M.P., Southill, Biggleswade, have received 20 per cent off the last half-year's rent.—The Duke of Westminster, through his land agent, has issued an address to the tenantry on the Eaton Hall estate, in Cheshire, stating that he has decided in future to pay the tithe rent-charge on all lands belonging to him, and that the amount of tithe will be added to the rent.—Viscount Cranbrook, in consideration of the agricultural depression, has permanently reduced the rents of his farms in Kent by 30 per cent.—The Lords of the Admiralty, who are extensive landlords in the northern counties, have remitted 15 per cent of the rents of their tenants on the Alston Moor estates, Cumberland.—The tenants on the Naworth estate of the Earl of Carlisle have had 10 per cent of their rents returned.—Lord Shrewsbury has returned the tenants on the Little Budworth estate in Cheshire 10 per cent on their rents now due.—Lord Newborough has allowed to his Welsh tenantry 10 per cent on their amounts due for rent, and also 10 per cent on their tithes, which are paid to the clergy through his Lordship.



THE KIMBERLEY GOLD-MINES.

The province of Western Australia, the largest in territorial extent but the smallest in population and in colonial wealth, comprises all that part of Australia which lies westward of the 129th meridian of longitude, with an area of 978,300 square miles, eight times the size of Great Britain and Ireland, having the Indian Ocean and part of the Southern Ocean on its sea-coasts. The population at the Census of 1881 was only 32,000 European colonists (since increased) and two or three thousand aborigines. The capital city is Perth, on the Swan river, at the mouth of which is the port of Fremantle; other towns are Guildford, Albany, a port in King George's Sound, to the south; Northampton, in the copper-mining district, Geraldton, York, Newcastle, and Northam, Carnarvon, and Derby, which last is on the Fitzroy river, in the Kimberley district, where the recent discovery of rich gold-fields promises rapidly to change the state of affairs.

The part of Kimberley district examined in 1884 by Mr. Edward T. Hardman, the Government geologist (one of the scientific officers of the Geological Survey of Ireland), lies between latitudes 16 deg. 40 min. and 19 deg. S., and between 126 deg. 30 min. and 129 deg. 30 min. E. longitude. It includes the portion of country extending north-east from the southern extremity of the Leopold mountain ranges, up the course of the Margaret river and its tributaries, across part of the main watershed of Kimberley, and the Ord river and its tributaries, to within 245 miles of where that river falls into the sea northward at Cambridge Gulf; the farthest point east is Mount Panton, fourteen miles from the boundary of South Australia; the area comprised in this survey is about 10,000 square miles. Mr. Hardman, the year before, had made a geological survey of the other parts of the country across from Roebuck Bay to the Northern Territory of South Australia. He discovered, in the country traversed by the Margaret, Mary, Elvire, Panton, and Ord rivers, an immense number of gold-bearing quartz reefs, breaking out through the slate and schist beds, of Lower Silurian formation; and, in the river valleys and flats, extensive deposits of quartz-gravel and drift, from which, by washing in the pans, "good colours" of gold were obtained. Diggers and miners have since resorted to this locality, and their labours seem likely to prove very successful. The country is well watered by numerous rivers, creeks, and gullies, which are never entirely dry; and there would be no difficulty in storing water for the dry season. Mr. Hardman, who has returned to Ireland, furnishes us with sketches, including views of the Albert Edward range and Ord river, near the site of the present gold-workings. These West Australian gold-fields promise to be of great importance.

Messrs. Kelly and Co.'s London Directory increases yearly in excellence as in bulk. The edition for this year, the eighty-eighth annual volume of this admirable compilation, contains vast stores of information relating to London and its diverse population. As an illustration of the manner in which events are brought down to date, it may be stated that the name of the late Mr. O. E. Coope, M.P. for the Brentford Division of Middlesex, who died on Nov. 27, is struck out of the Parliamentary directory, pp. 2406 and 2418, while the name of Dr. Tindall Robertson, the new member for Brighton, gazetted Dec. 3, is entered in the Parliamentary directory, pp. 2413 and 2416. It may be noted that the large and accurate map of the metropolitan area prefixed to the volume is now printed on linen instead of on paper, as formerly, and is hence doubly serviceable for purposes of reference.



1. Caroline Pool. 2. Albert Edward Range. 3. Ord River. 4. Permanent Creek. 5. Rough Range.

THE KIMBERLEY GOLD-FIELDS, WEST AUSTRALIA.



FROST AND FOG.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1884), with two codicils (dated Dec. 19, 1885, and July 26, 1886), of Mr. Thomas Charles Hannaford, who died on Oct. 13 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by William Hannaford, the son, and John Mann Taylor, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £124,000. The testator leaves his two leasehold estates at Dartmoor, and his leasehold residence in Ulster-terrace, with the furniture and effects, to his son William; a leasehold house in Regent's Park-road, and an annuity of £1500, to his daughter Mrs. Emma Kenderdine, for life; at her death such part of his property is to be set aside as will produce five annual sums of £300, and these are to be respectively held, upon trust, for his five grandchildren, Edith Lucy Henning, Charles Halstaff Kenderdine, William Hannaford Kenderdine, Robert Hubert Kenderdine, and Jane Dorothy Kenderdine; and there are two or three other legacies. The residue of his property he gives to his said son.

The will (dated Nov. 13, 1884) of Mr. Frederick Roberts, formerly of Doctor's-commons, Proctor, but late of No. 4, Lewes-crescent, Brighton, who died on Nov. 24 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by the Rev. Charles Nathaniel Roberts and Arthur Frederick Roberts, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £94,000. The testator bequeaths all his furniture, plate, pictures, and household effects, and £5000 to his daughter, Caroline Townsend Roberts; £15,000, upon trust, for his said daughter; and many legacies to relatives, and also to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said two sons, in equal shares.

The Irish Probate, sealed at Cork on Nov. 22 last, of the will (dated March 4, 1881), with a codicil (dated Oct. 28 following), of Mr. James Delacour, late of Dougheloyne, in the county of Cork, who died on April 1, granted to John George McCarthy, jun., the acting executor, has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland exceeding £65,000. The testator leaves £30,000, upon trust, for his son, the Rev. Robert William Delacour, for life, and then for his children as he shall appoint; £1000, and his household furniture, effects, horses and carriages to his daughter, Mrs. Mary Anne Elizabeth Helena Sarsfield; £1000 to his grand-daughter, Angelina Stopford Sarsfield; his house and lands, Sunninghill, Mallow, to his son-in-law, Dominick Patrick Ronayne Sarsfield for life, and then to the unmarried daughters of his said daughter as she shall appoint; and a legacy to his executor, Mr. McCarthy. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said son.

The will (dated Jan. 5, 1883), with three codicils (dated April 12 and June 29, 1883, and Jan. 12, 1885), of Mr. John Marsden, formerly of Walton House, Wakefield; but late of No. 27, First-avenue, Brighton, who died on Oct. 17 last, was proved on the 9th ult. by Charles Clay, John Farrer, and William Isaac Shard, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £49,000. The testator bequeaths £200, one half his wines, all his horses and carriages, and certain furniture, to his wife, Mrs. Ellen Mary Marsden; the remainder of his furniture he leaves to her, for life; and he confirms their marriage settlement. His freehold residence in First-avenue he also leaves to his wife, for life; at her death it is to be sold, and the proceeds added to his residuary personal estate. His real estate at Westgate, Wakefield, and £500 he gives to his son John Edward, and there are some other legacies. As to the residue of his personal estate, one third is to be held, upon trust, for each of his three

children, John Edward, George William, and Mrs. Emily Caroline Jackson.

The will (dated March 6, 1886), with a codicil (dated July 9 following), of Mrs. Isabella Bowers, widow of the Very Rev. George Hall Bowers, late Dean of Manchester, late of Eaton Lodge, Milverton, Warwickshire, who died on Oct. 2 last, was proved on the 2nd ult. by Robert Henry Norreys, the brother, Henry Lloyd, and Mrs. Mary Ellen Tufnell, the niece, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to the Ladies' Jubilee School, Manchester; £2000 to be applied in or towards the erection of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin in the parish or district of Davyhulme, Lancaster; £1000 towards the endowment fund of the said church; and numerous pecuniary and specific legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her niece, Mrs. Mary Ellen Tufnell.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1882) of Mrs. Mary Ann Garston, late of High Pastures, Aigburth, near Liverpool, who died on Oct. 14 last, has been proved at the Liverpool District Registry by Sir Thomas Edwards-Moss, Bart., and Oliver Ormerod Walker, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testatrix gives £200 to the Establishment for Needlewomen, Liverpool; £100 each to the Liverpool Royal Infirmary, the Liverpool Orphan Girls' Asylum, the Liverpool Boys' Asylum, the Liverpool Infants' Asylum, and the Liverpool Society for the Relief of Distressed Needlewomen; her residence, High Pastures, with all her works of art, to her nephew, the said Oliver Ormerod Walker; and there are numerous other bequests to relatives, godchildren, servants, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her niece, Ethel Mary Budd, and Edgar John Garston.

The will (dated Aug. 27, 1886) of Captain Watkin Wingfield, formerly of the Indian Army, late of No. 65, Chester-square, who died on Sept. 23 last, has been proved by Mrs. Anna Hester Wingfield, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, and a further sum of £7000 on the death of his wife, to his nephew, Walter Clopton Wingfield; and a few other legacies. Subject thereto, he gives all his leasehold and personal property and effects to his wife.

The will (dated Sept. 4, 1886), with four codicils (dated Oct. 16, 20, and 27 following), of the Right Hon. Ellen Dowager Viscountess Midleton, late of No. 32, Cavendish-square, who died on Nov. 13 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by Richard Quain, the husband, David James Stewart, and Geoffrey Mairis, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £23,000. The testatrix bequeaths certain diamond jewellery to be held and enjoyed as heirlooms with the title of Viscount Midleton, and numerous legacies to relatives, servants, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her husband, Mr. Quain, for life. At his death she gives £15,000, and also the ultimate residue of her property, upon trust, for her niece, Fanny Edith Dickinson; £5000, upon trust, for her sister Mrs. Harriette Dickinson, for life, and then for certain of her children; £3000 to the three children of her sister Mrs. Elizabeth Marshall; and legacies to other of her relatives.

Mr. Edward Ridley, of the North-Eastern Circuit, has been appointed an official referee of the Supreme Court of Judicature, in succession to Mr. Anderson, Q.C., who recently resigned.

FROST AND FOG.

The winter day that brings fog and frost together cannot be agreeable, and it seems an unnatural combination. Clear and bright frosty weather is exhilarating to robust and active persons who walk briskly, taking care to plant their feet so as not to slip; and to every skater, if he can spare an hour for the sport while the ice is hard and firm, it affords delightful exercise; but half the benefit of this recreation to the health comes from the purity of the air. Skating in a fog is scarcely pleasant, and may even be dangerous, from the difficulty of seeing bad places in the ice; while the chances of being knocked down, or knocking down others, in a collision among the swiftly moving companions of this pastime, are greatly increased. Even walking in the crowded streets on a slippery pavement, where one is apt to think more of one's footing than of the neighbouring passengers, is attended with some little anxiety, which is visibly marked on the faces in our Artist's drawing. The elderly gentleman, with great-coat well buttoned and turned up to the ears, and with a respirator protecting his mouth, accompanied by a daughter to whom he dares not offer his arm, and who has wrapped a fur "boa" round her neck, will be glad to reach home without any serious misadventure. He will certainly not stop to buy a newspaper of the chilly boy who stands with his chapped hands thrust into his jacket-pockets, faintly repeating his customary cry, despairing of a good sale on this uncomfortable day. The young lady's brother, with the audacity of a school-boy, has come out in a light autumn suit of striped tweed, disdaining extra covering, and would affect a jaunty style of carrying the short cane in his right hand, but he does not look happy; and the two gentlemen behind him, to judge from the expression of patient endurance on their countenances, are not enjoying themselves as they pace the gloomy street. In the murky mist beyond, loom large and grim the dark forms of coachmen and cabmen, omnibus-drivers, and outside passengers on the public vehicles, making a tedious progress through manifold embarrassments of the ordinary traffic; now and then, a horse falling in the road, or somebody in danger of being run over, will interrupt their course; or a carriage-pole, if the driver be not careful, will smash the panel or window of another carriage. If the fog becomes thicker, torches and lanterns will be in requisition, and the link-boys, who alone can profit by this visitation, will earn a few shillings by services at need. There is no mud, to be sure, which often adds, in a damp and misty state of the atmosphere, to the nuisance of fog; but we long for a bright gleam of mild December sunshine, when the thermometer is below the freezing point.

Whitaker's Almanack for the New Year is larger and better than any of its predecessors, and contains a vast amount of political and commercial information compactly given. The longer articles consist of a full and careful analysis, from their author's point of view, of Mr. Gladstone's Irish bills, and a record of all the most important events of her Majesty's fifty years' reign. Added to these are articles on the Merchant Marine, the Navy, as compared with the naval forces of Europe, and a municipal directory of England and Wales. The list of the Queen's household is enlarged so as to include the Keeper of the Swans, the Pages of the Back Stairs, and the Lady Rider. The difficulties of the Peerage are simplified by indices of eldest sons' titles and of Peers' surnames; and an account of foreign orders of chivalry is added to the lists of English Knights. The calendar proper is as complete as possible; and a list of Irish Kings appears for the first time.

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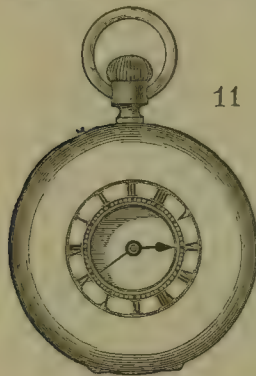
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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1863.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1866:—"Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

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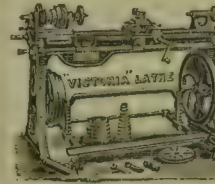
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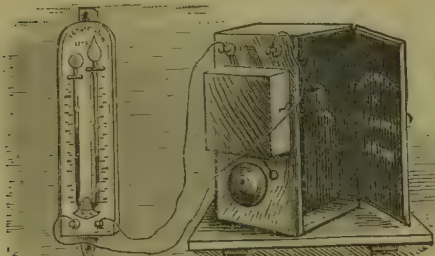
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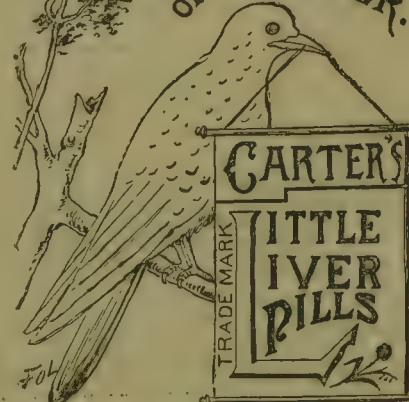
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ENGLISH HOMES.—No. VIII. SANDRINGHAM.

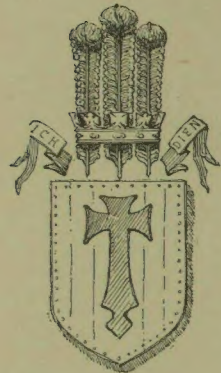


1. East Front and Principal Entrance.

2. The Dairy.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. VIII.



WE English flatter ourselves that we are, above all things, a very plain, homely people, disliking show and ceremony, and always placing comfort before magnificence. Sheer flattery this is, in a good many cases; but if one wants an example of its occasional truth, one may turn with confidence to the country house of the Prince of Wales. Sandringham is more than anything a home; it is less than anything a palace.

It stands, to begin with, in one of the homeliest corners of England. The Norfolk country and the Norfolk people have always been held to be as plain, steady-going, "slow and

sure," as any in the kingdom. Neither for scenery of the striking kind nor for great men's show-houses is Norfolk famous; yet it is a great county and a beautiful one. Drayton sums it up, with its neighbour shire, in the "Polyolbion":—

Norfolk and Suffolk near; so named of the sites,
Adorned every way with wonderful delights
To the beholding eye, that everywhere are seen,
Abounding with rich fields, and pastures fresh and green;
Fair havens to their shores; large heaths within them lie;
As Nature in them strove to show variety.

But perhaps it needs the "beholding eye" of the artist (or of the born east-countryman) really to appreciate east-country scenery; the Scot, the southerner from beautiful Devon, the lakeman from Cumberland, are apt to scorn its calm delights.

Even the soil, strange as it may seem, is not naturally a good one. Charles II. said that it was only fit to be cut up into roads for the rest of the kingdom. But hard work and good farming have made the desert fertile; and nowadays, if Kent is the garden of England, Norfolk may fairly be called its granary. And for its good cheer it has universal fame; one need not insist upon Norfolk dumplings—at them, as at the scenery, the foreigner is wont to scoff; but wherever Christmas is kept holy, is not there the Norfolk turkey king of the feast?

We are even struck, as we journey to Sandringham by the steady Great Eastern (and come through some of the flattest land in the country), by the solid homely names of the stations: Downham Market, Bishop's Stortford, King's Lynn. Lynn itself, the nearest large town to Sandringham, is Norfolk to the backbone: an old, historical, respectable town, with large comfortable houses of yellow brick, as thoroughly well built and as thoroughly ugly as the East Anglian heart could wish.

Only a few miles past Lynn is Wolferton, the station for Sandringham—a particularly clean, pretty, unpretending little station it is. Ten years ago there were added to it waiting-rooms for distinguished visitors to the Royal house; but these, though adjoining the station, are distinct from it: they are built, neatly and plainly enough, of red brick with stone facings. Close by one sees the homely old grey church of St. Peter, and one divines that this is *not* the princely place of worship. It is, in fact, the parish church of Wolferton; but it has gained, like its surroundings, by the neighbourhood of the Prince of Wales, and has now, for the first time, a resident clergyman.

From the station to Sandringham is a lonely, pretty walk; even nowadays—except, perhaps, when the Prince is at home—you will very likely meet, throughout its two miles or so, not more than one human being; maybe the parson, trotting cheerfully along (be sure on an excellent horse)—maybe only a road-mender, who directs you, in the curious chant of the east, "Straight ahid for Sannagum."

By the sandy heath, up the gentle hill, it is a pretty view, and a varying one. On "Sandringham Heights"—half-way between the station and the house—there stands a Swiss chalet, built a dozen years ago upon the site of a very old farmhouse. From this, one has a splendid view of many miles of Norfolk scenery, marshland, and heath; and even, if the day be clear enough, of Lincolnshire across the Wash—where rises sharply from the sea the great landmark known to irreverent countrymen as "Boston stump"; not, as one might suppose, the proverbial "hub of the universe"—that belongs to a more famous though a younger Boston—but the beautiful tower of Boston church. Across these broad uplands are exquisite colours of heather and fern and tree; perhaps nowhere in England is colour more subtle and delicate than in the far east. One has not here the overpowering richness of flowers and deep exuberant vegetation that Surrey shows, nor the strong unvaried green and grey of Derbyshire; here the brown warms into purple, the greens brighten to a golden brown, and, as in most countries lying near to fens, the evening sky is filled with a misty magnificence of sunset colour, such as Turner was perhaps the first to paint. No wonder that in Norfolk and Suffolk there grew up the first and only "school" of English landscape-painters.

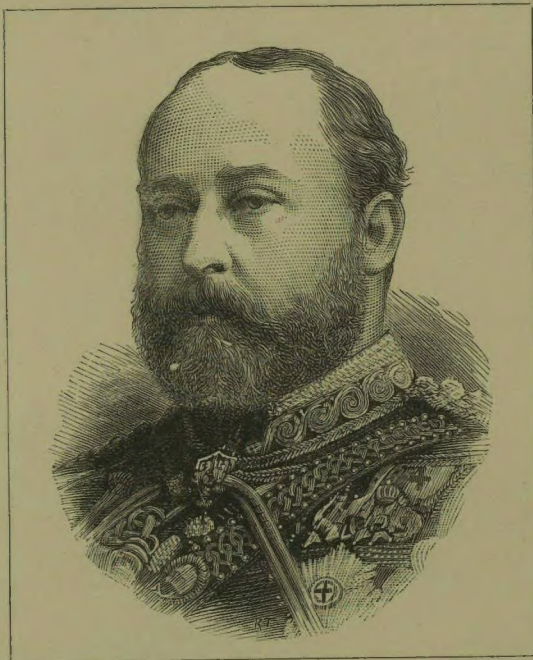
A pretty bit of country road follows the wider view; and

one comes at its prettiest bend to a file of sentry-trees, which stand—the military reader will pardon us if the metaphor is a little mixed—as the advance-guard to Sandringham, whose iron gates and deep red walls are now within three minutes' walk.

Sandringham, to "place" it geographically, is but a little way from the north-western corner of Norfolk, on the third (or southern) side of that curious square recess of salt water, by which Lincolnshire and Norfolk join, known as the Wash. Between the house and the sea-coast lie Sandringham Warren and the rising grounds of Wolferton; to the north, Sandringham adjoins Dersingham—it is called in Domesday "Sant Dersingham" ("Saint" or "Sandy")!—and, to the south, West Newton. Southward also lie the villages of Babingley and Appleton, with their pleasant country names; and these half-dozen parishes make up the Sandringham estate. Close to the fen-country of Lincolnshire lie the kindred marshes known as "Lynn Deepes," as fertile as the fens in the breeding of ague and as conducive to the consumption of opium; and beside these marshes slope up the little hills which shelter the tiny port of Wolferton, now westward from us across the rolling heath.

The estate was bought for the Prince of Wales merely as a shooting-box: "but," says Norfolk with a stolid pride, "that was tew good for that." Indeed, it is singularly complete and charming as a home for a country gentleman. Short of actual mountain scenery—scarcely to be obtained within a reasonable distance of London—it is hard to think of any attraction here lacking. There are pleasant hills and pretty valleys, woodland with noble trees, and purple heaths; and everywhere a perfect quiet that the Himalayas could hardly outdo. Naturally, there is game in the utmost plenty—land-birds, water-birds, and marsh-birds, the snipe and the woodcock in abundance, the pheasant and the partridge in myriads.

Moreover, though the untravelled Londoner never seems to think of it in connection with Sandringham, there is the sea!



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

There lies, within an easy stroll from the house, an actual corner of the dull grey German Ocean—and Wolferton is, as I have said, in the smallest conceivable fashion a port. It is perhaps a little strange that in this way, as in so many others, this home of a Danish Princess reminds one of Denmark—to which, as it lies on the opposite shore, this eastern corner of England is almost our nearest point. The very name of the place is said by some to be Danish in its origin—meaning the home of the Sandarings, or sons of Sandar; the country, with its gentle hills and spreading heaths, is very like the greater part of Denmark; and here, as I say, is that sombre northern sea, whose presence is so constantly felt in Danish scenery and in Danish literature.

To return to the gates of Sandringham: there meet by them three drives, leading through the plantations which border the park. Just over the way lie the kitchen-gardens, which are surrounded by a high brick wall, and are of an eminently practical nature: to the inexperienced eye of the non-gardener their one main feature is currants. Likewise the red walls of the grounds themselves are simple and unpretentious, and very pleasant to look at therefore; and yet, being thoroughly solid and (so to speak) well-to-do, are by no means put out of countenance by the gates—though these gates are really very handsome indeed, and quite deserve a fresh paragraph to themselves.

Most people who visited the 1862 Exhibition—will remember the magnificent "Norwich gates," made by Messrs. Barnard, of Norwich, as fine a specimen of modern wrought-iron work as is perhaps to be found. The Exhibition year was also the year in which the Prince bought his Norfolk home, and the next was that of his marriage; so the gentlemen of Norfolk subscribed and bought for him, as a wedding present of home manufacture, these splendid gates. On armorial shields, borne by bronzed griffins on the piers of the gates, are represented the Prince's titles; above them are the crown and the Royal arms; and the rose and shamrock and thistle are to be seen on the palisading which, on the one side and the other, joins the gates to the wall. The pattern of the ironwork is singularly quaint and delicate—one can examine it as one would a picture; it is, indeed, a series of scroll-like pictures in iron, where fruit and flowers and creeping vines luxuriantly twine together. An illustration of the design is placed at the head of this descriptive paper.

So through the gates; and past a very pretty lodge, built out with wood, a noble avenue of limes leads southward towards the house. The main entrance is, however, in the

eastern front—a very fine carriage-porch, before which is a wide gravelled space, and beyond this a pretty lawn, with walks and shrubberies. All round the house are lawns or gardens; even the entrance avenue is not in an outer park, but actually in the garden—and is thus the prettier, and belongs more nearly to the house. The park is walled in, and runs southward from the western garden.

For the house itself, it is so completely and simply a country gentleman's home that it seems an impertinence to describe it. There are no "show-rooms" for the public, and, as it has been in existence but fifteen years, no traditions have had time to gather round it; nor could any man be so unreasonable as to expect a ghost.

There has been, of course, a house in this place—standing, indeed, on the same ground, and facing the same way—for many centuries. Indeed, when Sandringham was bought as a shooting-box, there seems to have been some intention to turn the old building to account; it had once been, if it was then no longer, a handsome country seat, though not of the largest kind. It was originally built in the old fashion—surely the stateliest and comeliest of all—occupying three sides of a square; but as time went by, the wings were pulled down, a terrace was added here, a conservatory there, this was "stuccoed," that was "modernised"—all was drilled, reformed, deformed into the stiff Georgian pattern; and, fortunately, all was too small for a Royal residence, when Sandringham had become the Prince's permanent country seat. So in 1869 the old Sandringham was pulled down—it seems that it could not have been altered with safety—and by 1871 the new Sandringham reigned in its stead.

It is a handsome house, red-bricked and white-windowed, rising irregularly into a score of turrets and gables, running off abruptly into a billiard-room and a conservatory, built on no particular plan except that of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, in a style which, if not exactly Elizabethan, is at all events more Elizabethan than anything else. Its chief front is to the west—overlooking a terrace made by the last owner, Mr. Spencer Cowper—and is broken into three bays by the reception-rooms; once a low parapet ran along before the house, but it has disappeared, and the terrace now slopes down in unbroken greensward to the lake. At its end two granite lions from Japan, given to the Prince by Admiral Keppel, flank a gigantic Chinese joss, metal-wrought, which flaunts its barbarism under a fitting canopy.

The brick of the building is relieved with Ketton stone; but the billiard-room—which takes the place of the old conservatory—is built, like its predecessor, of the local "brown-sugar stone" and brick. The whole house, indeed, was formerly of this stone, of which great quantities are found on Sandringham Heath. There is a large quarry of it, also, at Snettisham, not far away, of much better quality: the stones are larger and more durable. The reddish "cuttings" that one sees in Cotman's east-country pictures, glowing darkly sometimes against a ridge of white cloud, are often of this carr-stone, as it is more properly called. It is at first crumbling and soft, with something of the look of brown sugar, and so gets its nickname; but with age it grows firmer and more durable, hardening by exposure to the air, and it is used a good deal in building. Sir Robert Walpole employed it for his stables at Houghton.

Before the Prince had been long at Sandringham—while it was yet thought that the old house might be made to serve his purpose—it was found necessary to add a large wing of domestic offices; and now quite a half of the building's length—the whole is perhaps a hundred and seventy yards—is taken up by the wing in which are the offices and servants' rooms. All is well planned and well carried out; and the whole house is built—let the architect (Mr. Humbert, of London) be praised—as houses are too seldom built nowadays, solidly from ground to roof-tree; with walls of uncommon thickness, and floors of lias lime concrete, having iron girders and joists to support them. It is thoroughly ventilated, thoroughly drained, and as nearly fireproof as bricks and mortar can be made. This is no rash amateur opinion, but the report of our great specialist in fires, Captain Shaw—who, at its owner's request, went over the house shortly after it was finished.

All along the western side of the house run the reception-rooms—one long suite of dining-room, boudoirs, drawing, and breakfast rooms. The drawing-room and the boudoirs are especially bright and charming—with a French lightness and prettiness of decoration which may be taken as a protest against the gloom of the school which carries its intensity even into its wall-papers (was it not the Royal owner of Sandringham who declared Mr. Burnand's "Colonel" to be the best play he had ever seen?). The drawing-room is at the north end of the west front; and facing it are the libraries, well stocked with books of history, with standard works of English and French literature, and with a noteworthy collection of very valuable county histories. There are, naturally, a great many presentation copies of modern works; the Sandringham collection of autographs of to-day should be almost an unrivalled one.

Besides the main eastern entrance to the house there is a north door, between the rooms last spoken of. Here is the most notable of the many trophies of its master's travels scattered throughout the place—the tiger shot by the Prince in his tour in India. North to south through the building there runs from this door a fine corridor; and below, on the basement floor, is also a broad passage from end to end. The eastern portico leads to an inner entrance-hall, and at the north end of this is a handsome gallery: when a ball is given at Sandringham the hall is turned into the dancing-room, and the merry minstrelsy nod their heads aloft in the gallery. This entrance-hall, and the main staircase hard by, are of Elizabethan pattern, rich with carved oak—as English as their style and their solidity.

Very English, too, and a thing worthy to be seen, is the huge and ingeniously planned larder, in the area, by the servants' offices; here may rest together multitudinous pheasants, woodcocks, hares, and the mighty turkeys of the county—enough to victual a garrison for a reasonable siege. It is not so many years ago, indeed, that the huge bustards, formerly common in Norfolk, altogether disappeared from this neighbourhood; well into the present century, at all events, they have been seen near Sandringham.

At the south end of the house are an American bowling-alley and other pleasure-rooms; one never forgets that Sandringham is a place where children are expected to live and be happy—and, one may add, "grown-ups" too. A pretty notion of the house is given by a picture, so minutely described by Mrs. Herbert Jones, in her volume of Norfolk sketches, that I cannot do better than quote her account of it. "A beautiful coloured drawing," she says, "by Monsieur Zichy, gives a sketch of the saloon, with its Royal inmates at afternoon tea. The design of this picture is original. At the top is a painting of Sandringham Hall; beneath it, the Prince's escutcheon; and six vignettes, divided by bronze and green branches of foliage, represent the occupations and amusements of the day. The Royal figures are unmistakable likenesses; the soft, delicate colouring and light free touch suit the fanciful style of the composition."

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. VIII.



Sandringham

A pretty lake, even younger than the house, brightens the view from the western windows; it is surrounded with rock-work—as what lake that had its choice would not be?—and has a boat-house, likewise curiously built of rocks. Round all, there lies the park—not large, but very pretty; some of its trees are of singular beauty—hundreds of years old, writhing in strange shapes

As if distorted in their birth,
In the wild, troublous days of old.

All that a park should contain—as Dr. Johnson might have dogmatically said—is contained here, from the crowning beauty of deer downwards; with nothing it should not contain—except lamp-posts and policemen. These last features, while perhaps giving a human interest to the country scene, do certainly tend to destroy its lonely charm. The police are not pastoral.

By the park are the houses of the Comptroller of the Household, and of others of the suite; mainly to be described as comfortable cheery modern dwellings. In the gardens, too, are extra rooms for the overflow of Sandringham, where, exiled at the end of a drive, we find the pretty "Bachelors' Cottage," whose name indicates the sad fate (be it permanent or merely temporary) of its inmates. But every Briton, before condescending to these lonely beings, will visit the stables—and they are delightful. The natural horsiness of man gives everyone who has had any chance of making the acquaintance of stables a fondness for them; and the Sandringham stables are among the choicest of their kind. Exquisitely clean and bright, they not only provide perfect quarters for over sixty horses—as who should say, a large and luxurious club of Honyhnhms—but there is a delicate little boudoir for the repose of a tiny Indian pony pet. Not far away are the many and comfortable kennels of rare dogs—deputations from all the world, Thibet, Mount St. Bernard, Newfoundland, have settled here, and apparently agreed that in England life is very well worth living—for a Royal dog, at all events.

It would be an unreasonable pheasant, too, who should not be contented with the pheasantry; and milk and butter were never more daintily lodged than in the cool, clean, charming dairy—the Princess's—where also, besides the places for pots and pans, is a pretty room, gay with hand-painted tiles, for human beings to take their ease and pleasure in.

Nor have the actual homes of men and women been neglected. Years ago complaints were made, and not without justice, of the housing of the poor at West Newton; but the "Alexandra Cottages" now in that parish, homes of the farm-labourers on the estate, are some of the most healthy and comfortable of their kind in Great Britain—indeed Mr.

in Norfolk—the chace pertaining to the neighbouring Castle Rising—which was given over by Henry VIII. to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, in exchange for some Suffolk manors. This was in 1545, and half a century later there arose a very pretty quarrel between William Cobbe, then owner of Sandringham, and the widowed Countess of Arundel, as to the boundaries of Castle Rising Chace. They went to law about it, and one of the "oldest inhabitants" was called as a witness—such disputes being, it would seem, the only occasions on which the use of oldest inhabitants is discoverable. The venerable John Jeffrey, of Castle Rising, labourer, "deposed that he had known Rising Chace sixty years, and boundeth the limits, purlieus, or walks of the chace thus:—From Rising to Babingley Mill, from thence to Ratleman's-lane, so to Hall-lane, so to Butler's-cross, so in a green way leading to Newton," &c.

A somewhat earlier survey shows how far these landmarks bring "the chace" into the present Sandringham estate. It extended to Babingley Mill and West Newton, "going," as is elaborately shown, "north through the bounds of Babingley to a little lane called Ratleman's-lane to the north end thereof, thence eastward by Hall-lane and Butler's-greene, on to Butler's-crosse, then directly to a way leading to Newton, north from the hollow that goeth to a lane called Burst-lane, through which lane doth crosse a beck or water-course falling from Sandringham," and so forth.

For the history of this estate of Sandringham, and its hall—one may say, much as the American said of English weather, that it has no history, only samples. It is not like a house which has been, as Hatfield or Warwick, from its beginning mainly in the possession of one great family, and has become identified with them; the Cobbes, the Hostes and Henleys, the Motteux, have reigned successively at Sandringham, and its modest fame belongs to all or to none of them. The place is mentioned, as we have seen, in Domesday; and the great "History of Norfolk" says portentously, "A freeman in the Confessor's time enjoyed it under *Herold*, afterwards King of England, but being ejected at the Conquest, it was bestowed on Robert Fitz-Corbon, or Corbution, who held the lordship of *Sar-lingham* and *Stokes*, in the hundred of Hensted," and many other places. "Ralph held it under Robert: it consisted of five borderers, who held then a carucate, but at the survey there were neither borderers nor a carucate."

In the twentieth year of the reign of Edward III., Roger de Sandringham held it; and it came, not long after, into the possession of the Hostes. It was once owned by Earl Rivers—to whom it came by his marriage with Elizabeth Scales, whose name he took—but he never lived here.

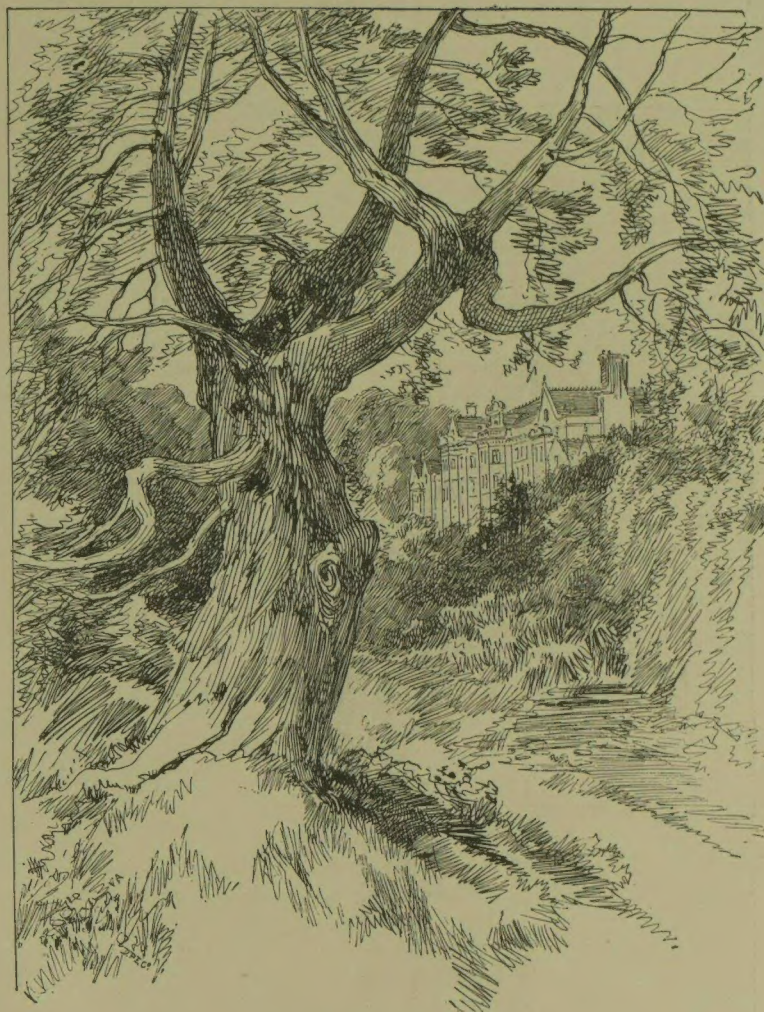
Christopher Walpole, of the neighbouring Anmer Hall—the father of Henry Walpole, a Jesuit priest who died for the Roman Catholic cause—bought, in 1575, 180 acres of land in Dersingham. Much of the eastern part of the parish, near Bircham, was not inclosed till the end of the last century, and was only used as pasturage for the sheep; and, centuries after the sale to Walpole, this formed part of the land sold to Motteux by the Marquis of Cholmondeley, then the representative of the Walpoles.

The Cobbes owned Sandringham for many years; inscriptions to them are still to be found in the church. Fidelity to a cause, religious or political, seems to have signally (and disastrously) distinguished the masters of Sandringham; Colonel Cobbe (who died in 1665) lost greatly by his adherence to the Royalists, as the non-Sandringham branch of the family, represented by Sir William Cobbe, of Yorkshire, gained by it. The Colonel had to pay a great portion of the cost of the trainbands which he commanded, and suffered heavily besides this, both as a Papist and a Royalist. The Roundheads sequestered not only, it is said, the customary two-thirds of his property, but the whole estate. For the third part of it and the mansion-house he petitioned, and finally, after long delays, obtained the discharge of the sequestration; but their losses were more than the family could bear, and after his death it was necessary to sell Sandringham and the surrounding manors, which they had owned for full two centuries. It seemed as if their faith were to be directly fatal to this family, which dwindled away very rapidly, two of the four sons dying priests (while a third left no children), and four of the five daughters entering foreign convents.

So Sandringham was left desolate, no more the cheery home of a large family; and, strangely enough, not only its next owners, the Hostes, but their successors after a century and a half, the Motteux, were exiles, who had suffered for the Protestant faith as much, perhaps, as had the Cobbes for the Roman Catholic.

James Hoste, who bought the place shortly after 1686, was of a family originally Belgian; and in the two successive houses occupied by the Hostes at Sandringham there hung a family picture of a young girl, burnt at the stake by Alva in the Netherlands. One who was an inhabitant of the house as recently as 1820 describes the picture as a half-length portrait of a young lady—*ætatis sue* 18, is the inscription it bears—standing against a dark background, her face encircled by a stiff cap covered with fine lace, her dress a plain black gown of solid texture. In her hand was a bible, and the original of this bible was till lately preserved. The picture—which used to hang, with many old Dutch portraits, in a room above the kitchen known as the "kitchen chamber"—is now in Somersetshire, and belongs to Colonel Henley, the head of the elder branch of the Henleys of Sandringham.

For in August, 1752, Susan Hoste, the only child of James, was married to Cornish Henley, of Leigh House, Somerset; and her son, Henry Hoste Henley, succeeded to the estate at her death, in 1795. By him, Sandringham Manor House—where after the marriage his parents had always lived—was greatly rebuilt. He made of it a long low house, with wings and smallish windows; but unfortunately, like Balzac, forgot the staircase, which had to be put in afterwards, and stuck awkwardly through the roof of the hall. Whether he had, like Balzac, the excuse of genius, history does not say; but he seems to have been a man of active mind, and formed a large collection of stuffed animals, pictures, and books. This was sold in 1834, as was the house—Sandringham having belonged to the Hostes for a hundred and fifty years, for the first hundred and twenty of which they had lived in the old manor house. Perhaps the most noted of the family was Sir William Hoste, who served under Nelson—also a Norfolk man—with whom he was a great



A PEEP AT SANDRINGHAM.

favourite. He was one of the famous sailors of a famous age; at one engagement he ran up the signal "Remember Nelson!" and a victory worthy of Nelson was the result.

The Motteux, who followed the Hostes, were, as I have said, like them originally religious refugees—Huguenots from Rouen. One of them achieved something like fame—Pierre Antoine Motteux, who came to England in 1685, then a middle-aged man, and learned the language so perfectly as to become not only the translator of Rabelais and Cervantes—some said, the ideal translator—but also the author of original English plays, which were at all events good enough to be praised by Dryden.

Pierre Antoine was apparently a great talker; and, by an odd chance, Pope has chronicled two Sandringham names in one couplet:—

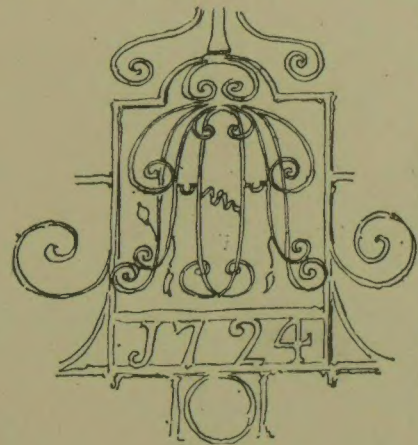
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I know,
Henley himself I've heard, and Budget too.

John Motteux, his son, succeeded to the estate of Beachamwell, not far away, which his father had bought, and became himself the owner of Sandringham—but only as an investment, for he never lived there. The house, indeed, was unfurnished in his time, and the principal traces that his occupancy left were the Normandy pears he planted in the gardens. Pears were his mania; but he seems to have been a notable little man—courtied, no doubt, for his wealth, and an intimate in the Holland House coterie.

By him the estate was left to the Hon. Spencer Cowper, who lived at the hall from his marriage, in 1852, till he sold it, ten years later, to the Prince of Wales. His wife, Lady Harriet Cowper, was a somewhat remarkable woman—at all events, a woman with a remarkable history. The daughter of the Earl of Blessington, and stepdaughter of the celebrated Lady Blessington, she went through the ceremony of marriage with Count d'Orsay when a child of fifteen. In the lonely life imposed upon her by this cruel mockery of wifehood, she grew up a beautiful and cultivated woman; and it was not until she married Mr. Spencer Cowper, on the death of Count d'Orsay, that any real promise of happiness was held out to her. Only two years afterwards, her daughter—a lovely little child—died in Paris of cholera; and she thenceforth devoted herself to a strictly religious life. She became a kind of evangelical sister of charity, and in 1857 instituted, in memory of her child, an orphanage at Sandringham—intended, at first, for the children of soldiers killed in the Crimea, but afterwards opened to all orphans. It was started in an old farm-house, in the beginning of 1858, with

seven children; and Lady Harriet herself taught them for an hour every day. It did not, however, go on very long; she afterwards took two of the children with her to Paris. There she established an almshouse for old women; and there, in 1868, she died.

Lord Palmerston bought Sandringham for £220,000 for the Prince of Wales when he came of age, in 1862; and, from the mere shooting-box that it was intended for, it has grown into the country home *en titre* of the heir to the Throne. How the once desolate corner of England has profited by the change need not be said. The successor of the dull old hall is now connected by the telegraph with Marlborough House, and by less material ties with all that is brightest in London and in England. Its host is one of the most popular of country gentlemen and of landlords in Norfolk; and the affection for its charming hostess, which has never for one moment abated since she landed among us over twenty years ago, is felt more keenly even than elsewhere around her pretty home of Sandringham.—EDWARD ROSE.



BIT OF THE OLD GATES.



CHINESE PAGODA.

Rawlinson, the civil engineer, who examined them some years ago, pronounced them as perfect as any he had seen.

Then there is a model farm of six hundred acres, carried on upon thoroughly scientific principles; and noticeable for its intelligent and progressive work, even among the good farming of Norfolk. Upon it are gasworks, for Sandringham is supplied with gas; and waterworks—added in 1878, not without protest from the neighbours, who considered that the existing water supply made these something of a work of supererogation.

A beautiful avenue of old Scotch firs leads from the house to the church, which is dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen. It is "late perpendicular" in style, battlemented on tower and wall, finely placed on high ground, and backed by the rich green of the trees. Beside it stands the pretty little parsonage; and south-west, towards Sandringham, is a picturesque lych-gate, the entrance for the Prince and Princess.

The church was first restored in 1855 by Lady Harriet Cowper, as a monument to the memory of her child, then lately lost; and the Prince of Wales has since done much to beautify it. Over the porch is the figure of a guardian angel. The reredos is adorned with fine Murano-glass mosaic, in colours and gold; in the nave are four beautiful stained-glass windows, and two more, with one in the tower, of brown and amber glass from Munich. There is a memorial window—and in the churchyard a marble cross—to the little Prince who died an infant in April, 1871; while a marble bas-relief shows a life-sized profile face of Princess Alice of Hesse.

The greatest trouble that has shadowed the history of the new Sandringham Hall—the illness that made it the centre of interest for all England in the winter of 1871, when our future King lay between life and death—is recorded on a brass lectern erected in the church by the Princess of Wales, and bearing the inscription:—

To the Glory of God,
A Thank-offering for His Mercy,
14th December, 1871.
ALEXANDRA.

When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord, and He heard me.

The pulpit, though handsome, is modern, as is the font; but there is a most remarkable ancient font-cover—say, ten feet high, with a richly crocketed spire, and lifted by a sort of ornamental wooden crane. It dates from the time of Henry VII., and is all in dark wood.

In this chapel is buried, beneath the pavement, Edward Yelverton, whose name is to be found in the list of "Popish Recusants in Norfolk and Suffolk," issued in 1596. He was a member of a great Norfolk family—the Yelvertons of Rougham—and, like more than one owner of Sandringham, was a devoted Roman Catholic, and suffered for the cause imprisonment and other penalties.

Of the size of the estate, now called Sandringham, in older times, we have, as it happens, an unusually precise account. It formed long ago part of the only Royal deer-park

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. VIII. SANDRINGHAM.



1. Sandringham Church.

2. Old Oak, Sandringham Park.

3. Lych Gate, Sandringham Church.

4. Sir Dighton Probyn's House.

5. The Bachelors' Cottages.